The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY

"LONDON NIGHTS: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret"

1/-

EAR-PHONES SUPERSEDED

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES HEARING INCONSPICUOUSLY

This is the age of sound with Radio, Talkies, Telephones, Gramophones—don't be handicapped by deafness. Hear everything everywhere!

AMAZING RESULTS FROM NATURE'S TONE-SENSE-RENEWING METHOD. Middle Ear (Catarrh), Nerve (head noises) and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting.

No matter what you have tried—with whatever result—you will greet this marvellous super sound tone-sense-renewing method as the find of your life and its joy.

ASK FOR FREE TEST CALL OR WRITE.

Ask for "Medical Reports."

DENT (Suite 14) 309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

(Look for Coloured Building) *'Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718*

Service Bureaux throughout the country.

SAFE FOR DYSPEPTICS

THE **DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA**

Important.—Sold only in sealed packets. Priced at 2/8, 3/2, 3/10 and 4/4 per lb.

Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd., 30 Mincing Lane, E.C.3

CVS-110

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

If you want *Perfection*

Call for McCallum's and get it.

BOLS LIQUEURS

Made in Amsterdam since 1575:

KÜMMEL	always with your coffee.
CURACAO	an after lunch liqueur
BOLS BLANC	for your cocktail.
CHERRY BRANDY	warming.
CREME DE MENTHE	aids digestion.
V.O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS)	one glass a day.

When Headachy take

Genasprin

The SAFE Brand

JOHN Jameson WHISKEY

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

Over 150 years of unchanging quality and increasing renown

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Temple Bar 3161.
February 28th, at 8 p.m., subsequently Daily, 2.30 and 8.15,
Sir Oswald Stoll will present LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Production
"THE GOLDEN TOY."

HOTEL

The Royal Victoria's Sun Lounge gets all the sun.

The supremely comfortable, one-hundred-and-twenty-foot Sun Lounge recently built on to the Royal Victoria has brought visitors from far and near. The hotel now contains a hundred bedrooms and private suites. Central and electric heating. Passenger lift. Unrivalled position. Faultless cuisine and famous chef. *From 4½ gns. inclusive.*

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
St. Leonards-on-Sea. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS AND RESORTS

HOTEL ATALA
Champs-Elysées,
10, rue Chateaubriand,
Paris.

The last word in all modern conveniences, situated in the West End of Paris, yet possessing the unique charm of tranquillity allied to a pretty garden.
Tel.: Balzac 01-62, 01-65. *Telgr. Addr.: OTELATAL.*

RIVIERA OF SPEZIA (Situated between GENOA and PISA.)
Spend your holidays there where you will enjoy a pleasant, warm climate, amid magnificent scenery.
LA SPEZIA, LERICI, PORTOVENERE, and nearby LEVANTO.
Apply to Comitato del Tourismo, LA SPEZIA, via Priane.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Hyères.—The Golf Hotel.—On its famous links (18 holes). Tennis and Croquet. Inclusive rates from Fs. 65. C. Borgo, Mangr.

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach & casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Roquebrune—Cap Martin.—Hotel Villa Sevigne.—5 min. frm. Casino. Beach. Garage. Evy. modern convenience. From Fs. 35 up.

Versailles—Le Home Versaillais, 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furnished flats. 1st class appointmt. Very mod. rates.

CANNES.

Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Hotel Beau Lieu—Family Hotel in own grounds. Quiet. Overlooking Town, Tennis and Sea. Moderate. Aeschliman, Prop.

Hotel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Beautiful grounds. Pullman Car to Golf and Casino.

Carlton Hotel.—On the Croisette. 400 rooms with bth-rm. Open-air Res. and Bar. Priv. beach. 7 Tennis crts. 2 Squash racket crts.

Hotel Miramar.—
300 rooms all with bath.
The leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Hotel du Parc.—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society.

Hotel Suisse.—Family Hotel. Comfortable. Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from Fs. 50.

NICE.

Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi, second class, entirely renov.

Terminus Hotel.—
Facing Station—Full South.
Quite up-to-date.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

MENTON.

Hotel des Anglais.—Its famous Pergola Restaurant on the sea. Every possible comfort from 3½ gns. per week inclusive.

MENTON—*continued.*

Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Fs. 55. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Royal & Westminster Hotel, on sea front. Full South. 100 yards from new Casino. Terms from 5 gns. weekly.

Hotel de Venise.—Leading in quality and comfort. Central. Sunny. In own park. From Fs. 50.

Winter Palace.—
High-class
though inexpensive.

MONTE CARLO.

Hotel Beau Rivage.—
Open all year round. Full South.
First-class. Terms from Fs. 50.

Hotel des Etrangers.—Sunny rooms with full pension from Fs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.

Royalty Bar.—Park. Palace. Terrace. The smartest rendezvous for cocktail time. Afternoon tea. Guido & Francis.

Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opposite Casino, Gardens, Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, with suite Frs. 75.

Hotel Windsor.—Open all year round, First-class family hotel. Large garden. Moderate terms.

ITALY.

Alassio (Italian Riviera).—Pension "Villa Carlotta." Eng. cmfts. Hot & cold running wt. in every rm. Gar. Cen. htg. Mod. prices.

Capri (Anacapri)—Eden Hotel Paradiso.—Mag. S. pos. garden. All m. comfort. Pens. from 30 Lire. Cav. N. Farace, Man. Prop.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Nr. Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

SICILY.

Palermo—Villa Igiea.—On the sea front. Large park. Golf links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension from 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind. Former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. first-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

GENEVA.

The Beau-Rivage.—Finest position on the lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All modern comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. frm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Hotel Richemond.—First class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V106 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Cuticura Talcum

Soothes and Cools

How important it is to complete the toilet with a fragrant, antiseptic powder! After a cleansing with **Cuticura Soap**, a light application of **Cuticura Talcum** will add the finishing touch to your toilet.

Talcum 1s. 3d Sold at all chemists.

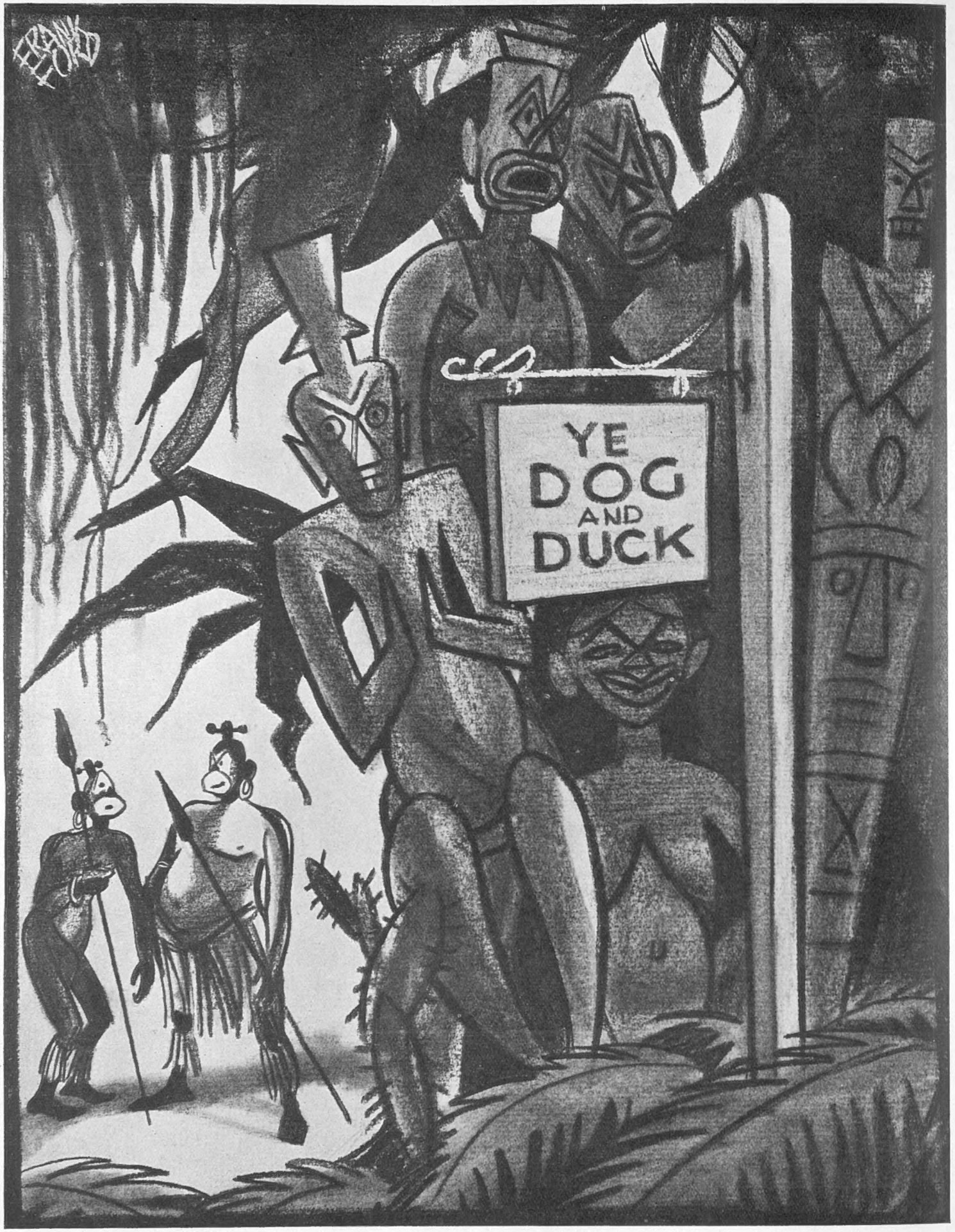
The Bystander, February 20, 1934 No. 1575. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Walter Bird

PEGGY ASHCROFT

Peggy Ashcroft is in the news at the moment as playing the lead opposite Ion Swinley in "The Golden Toy," which opens at the Coliseum next week. "The Golden Toy," which Ludwig Berger is producing, is an Eastern fantasy of the "Arabian Nights" kind; Ernest Thesiger and Lupino Lane are appearing in it, and so is Nellie Wallace, in a more or less straight part. Peggy Ashcroft made her stage début in Birmingham in 1926, and her London début a year later; she played lead in the Vic-Wells season of 1932. One of her biggest successes was as Naemi, in the dramatic version of "Jew Süss"



"Oh, it's just a little thing I picked up in Dorset!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Identification Parade

At last we have been run to earth. The Big Five at the Yard, combining with Pinkerton's Agency, with the Secret Service, with the Deputy-Assistant-Chief-Constable of that little bit of Flintshire which has somehow or other got into Cheshire, but not, alas! with M. Chiappe, have discovered our true identities, and at the head of this page, Adorables, you will find our pictures. Yes, it is too true. We are not what you thought we were—a wee, winsome, little village girl of the type that Dostoievsky drew so tenderly in his unpublished masterpiece, *The Six Mad Sanitary Inspectors of Omsk.* We are a Syndicate, a team of All the Talents, something not unlike the present Cabinet, both in brains and in appearance. Reading, if you can, from left to right, you will see first of all our Strong-Arm man. His duty is to sit outside our sumptuous suite of offices in Inveresk House, wearing a dinner-jacket suit and a Panama hat, and holding in one hand a gun and in the other a length of serviceable gas-piping. His duty is to drive away the crowds of well-known ladies and gentlemen who pester us all the time with offers of marriage.

Numbering from the Right

Next to him, with his back half-turned, is our Poet. It is he who puts in the delicate passages of dainty elegance for which the Syndicate is so justly famous. Next to him is our expert in hydraulic engineering and oceanography. (It is also part of his duty to boil the kettle for our mid-day cup of cocoa.) Fourth from the left, clean-shaven, with spectacles, is our chief examiner of important dust-bins. We get a great deal of news, and often documents that can be sold back at a handsome profit to the owner of the dust-bin, through the skilful work of our bin-sifter.

"Bring something with a smaller displacement than this, Burgess"

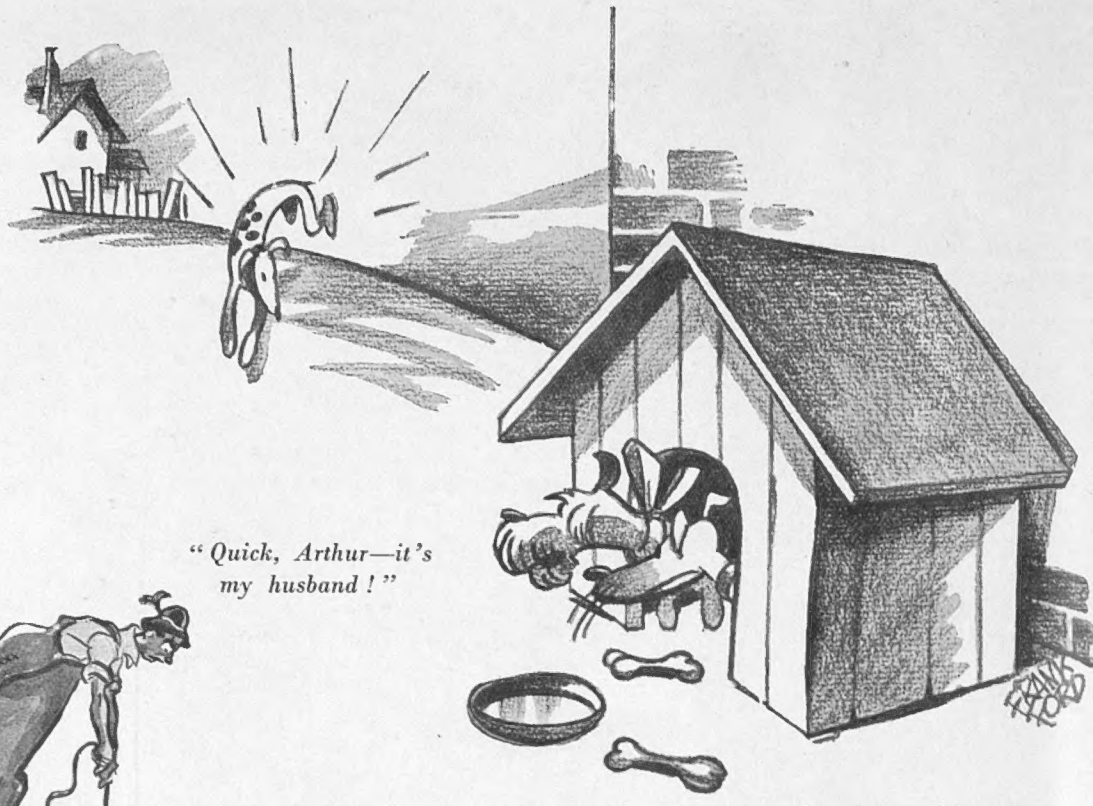
A Versatile Member

The gentleman in the silk hat is one of our most valuable members. Before he joined our Syndicate his work was familiar to thousands of readers under various pseudonyms. As "Vivacious Vivienne," he wrote fashion notes in theatre programmes; as "Venetia in Curzon Street," he contributed Society jottings to the *Athenæum*; the *Hibbert Journal of Philosophy* knew him as "Mopsy-Wopsy," a paragraphist of considerable daring, while he was the founder and first Secretary of the Wendy-Darling League for Bringing Sunshine into the Poorer Quarters of Stoke Newington. A life-long abstainer, he is no mean performer upon the flute, and is fond of Wordsworth. His share of the Syndicate's work is to provide the Notes on Wild Flowers, and to watch for the first appearance of the cuckoo, swallow, lesser stonechat, and the various finches. In the office he is always addressed as "Ki-Ki."

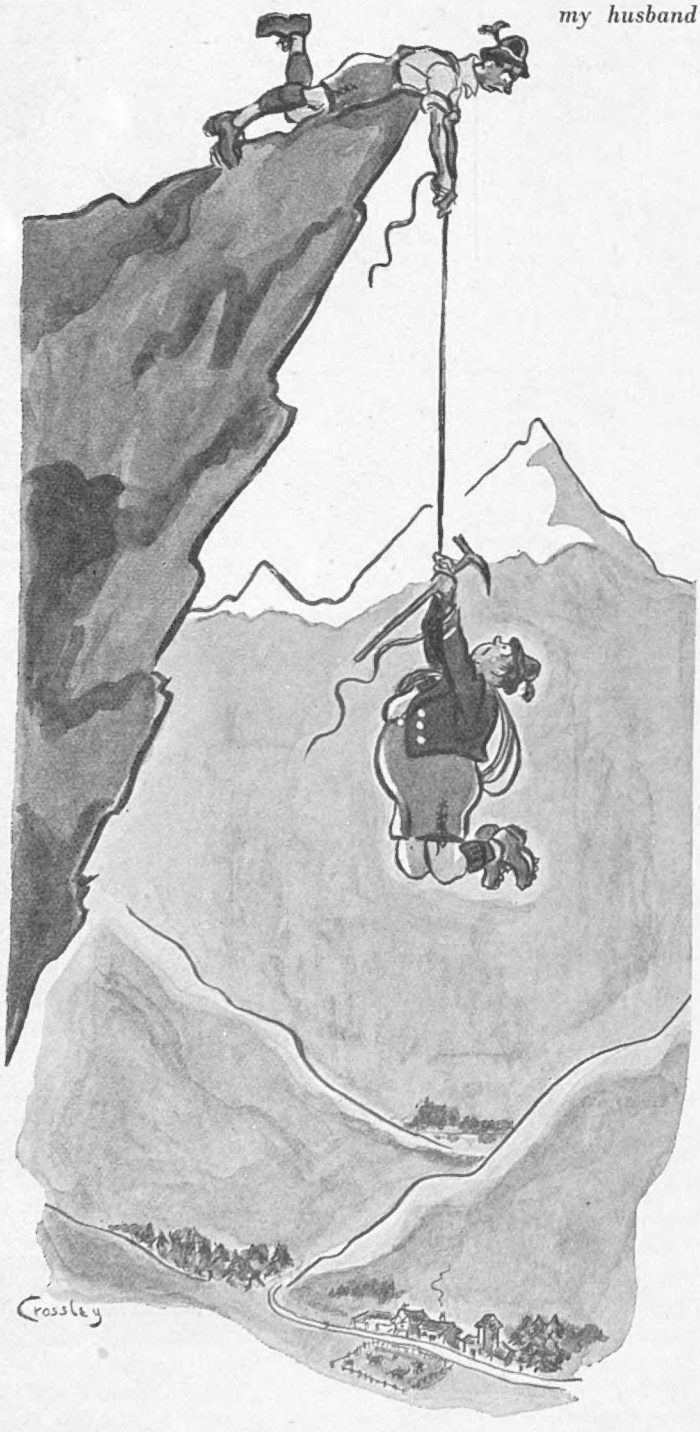
The Two Service Members

Last but one on the right is a recent important capture. Master of a famous pack of Leicestershire foxhounds, this lady was until lately War Correspondent of an important military journal in Manchuria. The immortal story of how she rode from Pekin to Kashgar upon a giraffe is told wherever Army officers gather for a quick one, and her exploits in the Gobi Desert in the wake of the Mongolian armies are already

immortal. She is now attached to the Syndicate as our racing expert. We call her, playfully-like, "The Major," and still are a little shocked at her habit of putting rum into her cocoa. Last of this brilliant group, on the extreme right, is our Stock Exchange expert. We wish we could relate how she cleaned up in Anapootra Preferred last year, or what she did to the Antofagasta Stock market in '24, when she was "bulling" wheat, or how she raided Wall Street with a bear in Public Utilities in '27. But the time is not yet.



"Quick, Arthur—it's my husband!"



"I can't pull you up until you stop pulling me down!"

A Great Fast Bowler

WE are delighted to hear that a substantial sum of money has been raised in Australia for the benefit of Ernest Jones, the famous old-time fast bowler, who had fallen on evil days. It was Jones who opened a Test Match with a ball so fast, and pitched so short, that it whistled through "W.G.'s" beard, and made the Doctor extremely angry. "What are ye getting at?" he growled crossly to Jones. It was Jones also who broke a rib of "Ranji's" when the wizard was trying to save England from defeat in another match. But a little thing like a broken rib did not prevent "Ranji" from making 93, not out, and saving the game. They were stout hearts in those days.

Cave-Man Corner

"WOMEN will go Black and Blue," says the Fashion Editress of a leading daily. That is the stuff. Back to the club. "What, Sir, you would strike a woman?" "By thunder, yes, Brevet-Major, if we were quite sure she would not strike us back. But in these days of feminine athleticism——." "Bah, Sir! You are a disgrace to the dear old school!"

A Quartette

THERE are four Lynns that we know of. Miss Fontanne, whom we adore. King's, which is picturesque. East, which we have not read. And Ralph, who makes us roll about in our stall with joy. Now comes the news that Mr. Ralph Lynn is coming back to the legitimate stage after a year with films. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings!—in this case an evening journal, and the mountain was Ludgate Hill.

Poetic Off-Licence

POETS, translators, and highbrow gents of that sort are allowed a little licence when they are shooting the works, but we think that Herr Tendt, of the Nazi translation-bureau, is going a little bit over the edge when he takes one of the Psalms and alters "I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me," into "I will be mindful of far-off rivers, the Volga, the Euphrates, the Ganges." And it does seem a little bit free to alter Philistia into "the southern

land of the Goths," Tyre into Lombardy, and Ethiopia into Andalusia. Those of us who have dozed among the enchanted lands of lemon-groves and olives and oranges and guitar-music find it difficult to compare them with the hinterland of Abyssinia.

And Battles Long Ago

A STRANGE echo of things long past reaches us from New Zealand, in the shape of a copy of a four-page newspaper called *The Jacobite*. It is a quarterly, and proudly boasts that it is the "only Jacobite paper in New Zealand." It is edited by a member of the Legitimist Jacobite League, and it talks of half-forgotten personages, like the Duke of Orleans, who married Henrietta, sister of James II., of King Rupert of England and his son, Prince Albert, of Queen Maria de las Neves, of Braganza, and many another thin and spectral ghost of long ago. Reading this earnest and sincere little sheet, we felt as if we were unwrapping old love-letters packed in faded lavender.

A Delicate Problem

A WOODPECKER, a plain, honest bird with an exceptionally tough beak (no reference intended for one moment to the late magistrate of the Marlborough Street Police Court), has been busy at his natural hobby down near Lewes. He has been pecking wood. Unfortunately, the piece which he has selected for his gentle, if somewhat eccentric, pastime is the wooden steeple of the local church, and being a fast worker he is simply pecking the thing to bits. Already it is looking as if a schoolboy had been at it with a fretsaw, and parts of it are like nothing so much as an open-work silk stocking held up to the light. (What? No, no, of course, an empty silk stocking. Do you imagine for a moment that we would countenance holding full ones up to the light?) Let us return. The woodpecker is on the list of birds who may not be shot at. What is to be done? The vicar is reported to have made a personal appeal to the bird to desist, but it is officially denied that the bird mistook him for Mr. George Robey and laughed heartily. Whitehall has been consulted, but so far reserves judgment. Incidentally, the remedy may prove to be a worse solution than the disease. For it will be extremely difficult to hit the bird without hitting the steeple as well. If the vicar brought down his own steeple without hitting the bird, we consider that the bird would have every justification for a quiet giggle.

Montagu Norman Corner

OUR correspondent in America writes to us that the forces operating for economic revival of world trade are so colossally strong that not even the Roosevelt administration will be able to prevent it. That 's all. You can take it or leave it. Just whichever you please, and we don't care a row of pins which you do.

The Tantivy Boys

HAVING heard some strange rumours about the goings-on of a pack of fox-dogs not very far from London, we made a special excursion to one of its periodical gatherings, in order to provide a special tit-bit of red-hot news for our teeming thousands of sporting readers. We found that the meet—the technical term for the gathering—was at the White Horse Inn and, equally important, that the inscrutable working of the official brain permits a rustic to start drinking at 10.30 a.m. Hastily sticking a handful of straw in our flaxen curls, we had a few, and then went out to view the scene. There was a depression in the air. We, sensitive psychologists that

THESPÆANS

No. 21.—Mr. Gordon Harker

I AIN'T a bloke as raves abaht
Them actors what takes 'ighbrow rôles
And acts fair chronic from the start
Discussin' of their bloomin' souls ;
Whilst dashin' 'eroes, brive and true,
What never do no dirty act
But play the " white man " fru and fru,
Fair make me sick—and that 's a fact !

But good ole Gordon 'Arker
Is a diff'rint sort o' cuss,
For *there* is an actor we un'erstand
What 'll tike orf a downy ole gaol-bird grand
And do it as easy as kiss-me-'and,
So Gordon 's the boy fer us.

Some likes a play what 's full o' Lords
And nobs what grice Serciety ;
Whilst some like shows all cloaks and swords
And " saucy-varlets-'ave-at-thee " ;
But I likes seein' types I meet
At 'ome when *I* goes to the play,
The sort that 'e will act a treat
And make them *livin'*, so ter say.

So 'ere 's ter Gordon 'Arker,
With 'is comical, gloomy phiz.
Though 'e never looks chirpy and full o' chaff,
It 's just with 'is gloom that 'e makes a cove laugh ;
An' is 'e a proper ole caution ? Not 'arf,
Our own MR. 'Arker is !

B. W.

of the accompanying journalists, Mr. Charles Macartney, known as "the Governor-General." One of the four greatest wizards who ever did conjuring tricks with a cricket bat (the others being " Ranji," Victor Trumper, and Hobbs, in his early manner), Macartney's batting will never be forgotten by those who saw it. We ourselves saw him go in to play out time in the Lord's Test Match of 1926, a short man, with his cap at a gay and cocky angle. His business was to play slowly for a draw, but "the Governor-General" was in the vein that day, and so he made 133, not out, in two hours.

An Explanation

JUST in case your exquisitely chiselled heads were beginning to get the staggers over the position of French politics, we went to the trouble of telephoning to our agents in Paris for a clear exposition of the state of affairs. The situation, to put it lucidly, is that the Left-Wing Patriots are trying to combine with the Croix de Feu to form a minority Right-Wing Ultra-Socialist Government, whereas the Radicals and the Jeunesse Dorée want to establish a Conservative-Democratic movement that will absorb the Republicans and the Comédie Française. The Folies Bergère, on the other hand, wish to amalgamate with the Vieux Marcheurs, and the leader of the Boulevardiers is said to be making a démarche in the direction of the Moulin Rouge. There is a considerable movement among the Flâneurs to ask Mlle. Mistinguett to form a Government, but we understand that Lloyds are objecting. There is so much shin-hacking in the Chambre des Députés these days, that Lloyds, having the prospect of forking up over the liners Georges Philippar and L'Atlantique, do not want to put the lid on it by risking Mlle. Mistinguett's legs as well. As a prominent underwriter said to us the other day—and, we think, quite truly—" Liners are one thing, but legs are another."

Au Revoir

THAT will be all just now, pretty rascals. But we shall be back again next week, full of inside information and news and gossip and chit-chat. THE BYSTANDERS.

we are, could feel it. The dogs were especially mournful, and kept looking furtively over their shoulders in an apprehensive manner. We asked the cause and were told that they had not yet killed a fox this season, and the foxes were getting so confident that they were banding together and cutting off dogs that straggled from the pack and giving them sharp thrashings. On one occasion recently a lone fox had chased the pack for nearly half a mile, and had openly sneered at the Master's attempt to lash it away with a riding-whip. The local ploughmen, we were told, practically have to fight their way to work through platoons of foxes sunning themselves on the hillsides, and we ourselves were kept awake all night at the White Horse, where we stayed, by the unearthly shouts and yells which echoed through the Surrey woods. It was the sound, the landlord said, of the foxes laughing at the huntsmen.

"The Governor-General"

THE most popular of all the Australians who are so soon to visit us will be, not one of the actual players—though they will be heartily welcomed everywhere—but one

Historical Wisecracks. No. 7

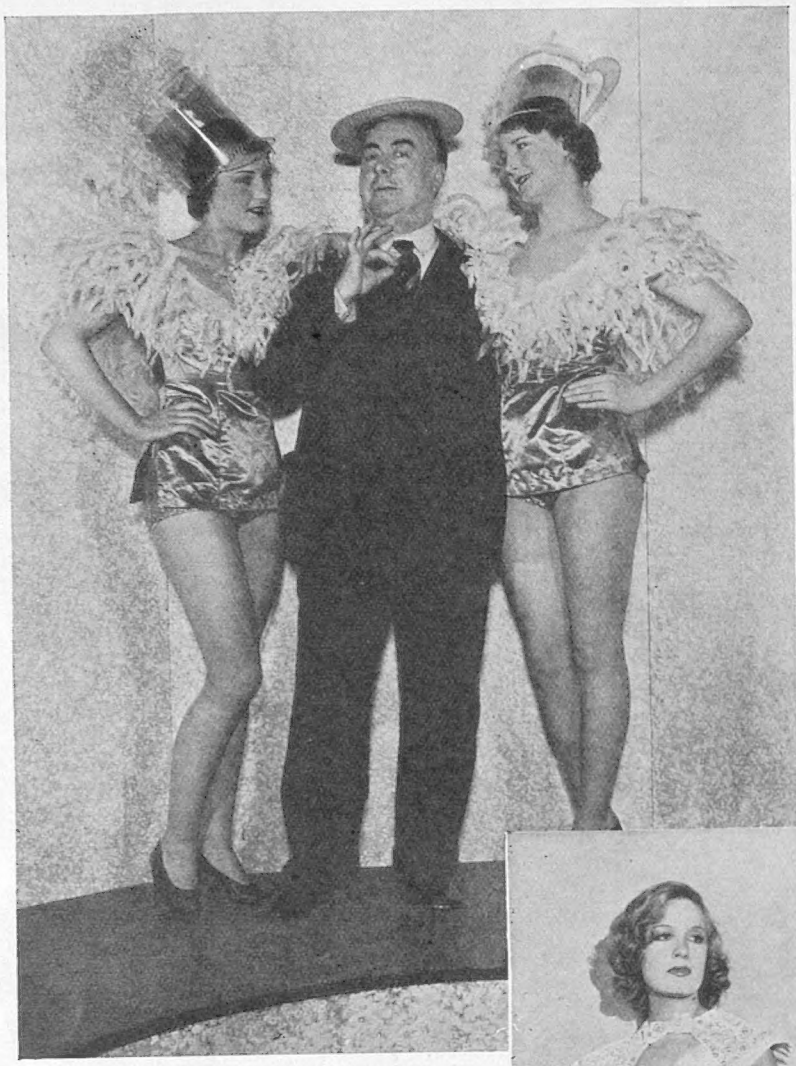
As the Whale said to Jonah :

" COME IN AND SEE ME SOMETIME ! "

"My dears, I'm through with Art—I'm going to take up charity"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

High Hats and Low Brows



"Here's How!"

Above: George Robey, who plays lead in the new crook revue, "Here's How!" which will shortly be coming to the Saville Theatre, with two attractive members of the chorus. Right: Lili Damita, the young actress who has been cast for the principal woman's part

"Within the Gates" (Royalty)

WHAT matter for a May morning do you and I—plain, ordinary folk, begging your pardon—find within the gates of Hyde Park? Nurses, prams, dogs, an orator or two—no need to elaborate the pleasant details of a familiar scene. Sean O'Casey's play (if you can call it a play) takes place in Hyde Park (if you can call it a park), but his world is not our world, his Park is not our Park. It doesn't matter what you call this astonishing piece of work—a play, an allegory, a mime or, more vaguely, a new art-form (whatever that means). I'm prepared to admit almost anything you like about it. It has, no doubt of it, Rhythm and all that that elastic word implies. There is a quality about its prose-poetry or its poetic-prose. Its formalized setting and groupings, the borrowings from the Greek chorus, the queer mixture of music, from the threnody of the Down-and-Outs to the "Blue Danube," its deliberately staccato pattern—the effect of these curiosities as a whole gives it the disturbing tenacity of a nightmare. It repels, nauseates you, but, somehow, you can't shake it off.

Why Mr. O'Casey elects to cast reality in the mould of a dream is a problem I leave to more pretentious brows than mine. I happen to think that this high-faluting method of laying bare life's sordid sores is bunk and affectation—and that's that. I believe that the mix-up of allegory is not only an experimental mannerism (to which, it must be admitted, every artist is at liberty to help himself), but, compared to the technique of actuality, just the stuff of which conjuring tricks are made.

ASIDE from all that, I'm still puzzling over the Dreamer's precise philosophy—where beauty ended and ugliness began—and why the prod-nose, futile Bishop should be the father of the young prostitute, and how the prostitute's mother could be both a drunken harridan and a sort of poetic symbol of despairing motherhood, drifting about with a laurel-wreath for the war's dead sons. Art is long, but life is short. Too short to see this play a score of times just to get the full measure of its urge and rhythm. It might be worth trying. After you, Bloomsbury, after you.

Lili Damita

Re-enter Variety (Victoria Palace)

PATRONS of vaudeville in general and the Victoria Palace in particular will have no excuse to stay at home with the wireless or take themselves off to the pictures if the fare provided is as liberal as the first round-up. There was no mistake about the V.P.'s re-opening being a gala occasion. Streamers and balloons are recognised emblems of uttermost whoopee, and so many miles of coloured paper fell on the stalls during the refreshment interval that I spent the second half of the programme garlanded and festooned as if for a Roman holiday. The fur-clad lady immediately in front of me must have spent hours plucking the rose-petals from her apparel. The bill included two Irish entertainers and two ripe songstresses who joked freely about their age and avoirdupois, but otherwise the talent was nicely balanced. Nikita Balieff, who compères Part II., must have wondered whether the strange barking noises emitted from the gallery were friendly echoes of his own diction or the rude ribaldry of base persons unacquainted with the Chauve Souris in its palmy days. The hit of the evening was Cicely Courtneidge, supported by an army of Guardsmen that packed every corner of the stage.

TRINCULO.

The Victoria Palace 'Verts to Variety

By Rouson

That great compère, Nikita Balieff, shows a fine picture of variety at the Victoria Palace. On the top left, Donald Calthrop sits in "The 'Ole in the Road," while Talbot O'Farrell occupies the lower corner. At the piano are Flotsam and Jetsam, while Cicely Courtneidge fills the centre with Ida Barr and Dorrie Dene on either side. The rest of the stage is filled with more military than millinery

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 38

Mrs. Peter Thursby

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

MRS. PETER THURSBY is known as "Poppy," and always looks exotic—even more so in sports clothes than in evening dress. She has a great taste in clothes. Give her the oldest woollen cap and she can make it look like a million dollars. Physically, she is one of the bravest women I know. Literally, nothing frightens her. Last autumn she flew across the South Atlantic from Rio de Janeiro to Lake Constance in the Graf Zeppelin — being the only woman to do so. She is devoted to the sea, as a result of her early youth in the Isle of Wight, and can reef a jib or haul on the mainsail (when necessary) with the best of them. In fact, she can sail a small boat unaided, and adores to do so.

The colours which suit her best are white or red. She could not like good food better. She enjoys games, but not sport—golf, tennis, and bathing, but not hunting, shooting, or fishing. She tried to learn contract, but her husband, Peter Thursby, who is in Capel Cure and Terry, was so much too good that she gave it up. Besides, it bored her, and she could not concentrate. At her home in Cambridge Street she has a rabbit called Orchid, a Sealyham called Pipski, and a Persian cat. When cocktails are served, the butler brings in the strange trio and they all play together. If she wanted to she could charge a guinea a time to watch them, I should think.

SHE has friends in every conceivable walk of life. One of her brothers, Charles, who was in the Coldstream, is now social manager on the Homeric. Raymond is at Oxford. Mrs. Ronny Aird is her sister. Her father is Sir Godfrey Baring. With Lady Milbanke she is responsible for the cabaret at Ciro's, and also for its tremendous success among the smart young-married set. On various occasions she has raced round Brooklands. She has also crossed the Solent on an outboard motor-boat in the world's worst storm.

She is extraordinarily kind, and yet nobody, except the recipients, ever knows anything about it.

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

The Empress Catherine of Russia (Elisabeth Bergner) and her mother, Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst (Irene Vanbrugh), in a scene from "Catherine the Great," which is now at Leicester Square

"Madame Spy" is a new spy film from Hollywood, with the usual kind of story. In the scene above Maria, the heroine (Fay Wray), allows General Philipow (Noah Beery) to make love to her for the good of the cause, while Captain Franck, the gallant hero (Nils Asther), is forced to look on without protest, for the good of the cause

"Catherine the Great"

THIS is a good show—not a historical document. If liberties are taken with Russian history, well, so they were by the protagonists themselves! Perhaps Elisabeth Bergner is not the stubborn and ambitious German Princess who survived humiliation and suffering at the hands of the dominating old Empress Elizabeth and the debauched and drunken, half-mad Peter, to become the great libertine and great Empress, but she *is* the centre-piece of this picture, and she has cast over "little Catherine" the glamour and charm and pathos of her personality and her art. She is mistress of a lovely, static expressiveness. Her cameo-like profile, the large eyes in her still face, can tell a whole emotional story, although her vivacity is enchanting. She alone overcomes the unreality of the dialogue, which is inferior to the situations and unworthy of a beautiful production. The interior architectural effects, in particular, are so distinguished that they often dwarf the human elements. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, is mis-cast as Peter. Impossible to believe that so beautiful a young man is a mean, mad, dissipated cad! And his lines give him no assistance. He is best, and almost odious enough, in the scandalous supper scene when he publicly insults Catherine and flaunts one of his mistresses. Flora Robson does not seem well suited as the Empress Elizabeth. Irene Vanbrugh makes a delightful, too-short appearance as Catherine's mother. For Bergner's enchantment and the beauty of the camera-work a picture to see—more than once.

"Duck Soup"

THE title is as ambiguous as many an item on a table d'hôte menu, but "it's a good dish" and you are invited to "come up and take a basinful"! The Marx Brothers in a typical fandango of irrelevant nonsense. There is a sort of story; whether it is intended to be a burlesque of Ruritanian drama or merely an excuse for Marxian slapstick does not much matter. Imagine a European State financially dependent on a woman who makes it a condition of her support that an enterprising gentleman called Rufus P. Firefly (a Marx, need we say?) shall be President. Two more Marx brothers are spies for the opposition. Imagine them disguising themselves as the President for the purpose of obtaining important papers, and the ensuing conflict when all three come face to face, and, if you know the Marx Brothers' brand of humorous idiocy, you know what to expect; if you don't, it is worth making the experiment. Raquel Torres supplies the curves, and the Presidential brother has the lines. The best joke: an S.O.S.—"Three men and a woman stranded in lonely house. Send help. If you can't send help, send two more women."

"Moulin Rouge"

CONSTANCE BENNETT in a dual rôle, at her best when she is disguised to look like Gaby Deslys. One half of a "sister act," she has married a song-writer (Franchot Tone), but cannot settle down. Her husband refuses to believe in her talent and obstructs her attempts to return to the stage. The other half of the sister act—with golden hair and a Latin accent—is imported for an important theatrical engagement, but has private and personal preoccupations, and Constance Bennett obliges herself and her friend by deputising, and the deserted husband falls in love with the bleached and Europeanised metamorphosis. Miss Bennett shows versatility in the dual rôle, and Franchot Tone is an attractive hero. There is a tawdriness about the theme, but the film is well produced.

"Madame Spy"

SOME day someone will be untraditional enough to write a spy story about a woman who does not fall in love with the opposition number of the Secret Service. In the meantime, the same old story is dished up again and again, and the flavourings vary very little. This time, Fay Wray, who has the knack of implying allurement, is the Russian spy, and Nils Asther is the German officer whom she marries for political reasons and loves for purely personal ones. The usual complications ensue. First she betrays him, then she saves him. It seems a little spendthrift that elaborate sets, such as the ball at the Imperial Russian Court, the war scenes, and the thrilling air crash, as well as the hard work of a good cast, including John Miljan and Vincent Barnett, who supplies a welcome comedy note, should be wasted on such a banal and familiar story.

THEY STAY:

And when we say "stay," we mean "run."

If you have not done so, go and see—

"LITTLE WOMEN," because it will give you a taste of "home life," nineteenth-century recipe, and Katharine Hepburn is as good as they say (Regal).

"VOLTAIRE," if you admire George Arliss's diction and have no prejudices about historical accuracy or Voltairian prestige . . . (Astoria).

"THE MASQUERADER," because the dual rôle of reprobate and hero is so well done by Ronald Colman and the cameraman. (General release.)

"HENRY VIII," because you can dine out on the discussion of Laughton's performance.

"BERKELEY SQUARE"; it's a charming American interpretation of English scenes past and present, with English cast, including Leslie Howard at his best. (General release.)

C

Miss Penelope Portman Marries

The Bride and Bridegroom and

Below

Left: Lady Susan Askew and Mr. John Askew. Lady Susan Askew's sister, Lady Mary Egerton, was one of the bridesmaids

Right: the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Digby going to the reception; Mrs Digby is a cousin of the bride

Right: Mr. Walter Bromley-Davenport, who is in the Grenadiers, the bridegroom's regiment, Mrs. Bromley-Davenport and Mrs. J. Blow

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman, one of the most attractive of last year's young marrieds

Lady Amy Biddulph leaving Portman House, Portman Square, where the wedding reception was held

Mlle. Livia Paravicini, Mrs. Richard Ward, and the Swiss Minister, Mons. C. R. Paravicini, walking across the Square at Wellington Barracks after the wedding service in the Chapel

Captain Archer Clive

Their Friends

The Livingstone-Learmonth family, who, like the Portmans, come from the West Country, were there in force; above are Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth, Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, Mrs. Peter Wiggin, and Captain Livingstone-Learmonth

Miss Penelope Portman, the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Portman's only daughter, and Captain Archer Clive, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Lieut.-General Sir Sidney and Lady Clive, after the service at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

The Hon. Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, the Earl of Dunraven's daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Charles Meynell

The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Lord Hindlip's sister, whose husband is in the Life Guards, and Mrs. Hardy

Lady Cecilia Wellesley, débutante, was at the wedding. Her sister's husband, Mr. Daniel Dixon, is in the Grenadier Guards

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd and Miss Milnes Gaskell were two more guests. Mrs. Rodd was the Hon. Nancy Mitford before her wedding a few months ago

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Women to the Fore

By A. G. Macdonell

AN astonishing book is *The Quest for Corso*, by A. J. A. Symons (Cassell; 12*s.* 6*d.*). The Baron Corso was the title "adopted" by a strange and enigmatical character called Frederick Rolfe, whose main period of intellectual activity was at the end of the 'nineties. A brilliant, unhappy, unscrupulous man, Rolfe wandered from country to country, sponging, painting, writing, quarrelling, slandering his benefactors, libelling those who would not help him, hating the world and every human being in it, including himself. Mr. Symonds was first attracted to a study of this amazing personality by reading his novel *Hadrian the Seventh*. He then enquired about the life of the author, and discovered that practically nothing was known about him. The man had lived so entirely within himself, and had had such periods of poverty-stricken misery that he vanished for years at a time from human ken, and so very few people knew anything about him. Mr. Symons threw himself into a detective-like pursuit which has ended at last in the publication of this book. It reveals a character stranger than any which fiction has ever created, and the story of the pursuit, uncovering facet after facet of this complex creature, is enthralling. The final stage in the investigation is as fantastic as the whole story. Mr. Symons had despaired of tracing the lost manuscripts of Rolfe, when one day Mr. Maundy Gregory stepped into his office, professed extreme interest in the bogus Baron, and offered to prove the power of money by finding the manuscripts. Then came a whirl of fantastic lunch-parties at Mr. Gregory's club (of which he was the owner), of champagne and cigars and caviare, and then—presto!—the modern Haroun-al-Raschid proved his point by producing, not only the manuscripts which he had promised, but also the only five copies in the world of a long-forgotten novel of Rolfe's which Mr. Gregory's agents had found in an abandoned, rat-infested cellar.

For those who are fascinated by the unusual, the strange, the oddly romantic, *The Quest for Corso* is unquestionably the book.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have published the three latest plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw (7*s.* 6*d.*). You may agree or you may disagree with the ten thousand dogmatics of Mr. Shaw. You may call him an immortal or a mountebank. But you have got to admit that he is a wizard. Seventy-six years of age, and pouring out brilliant, provocative, original stuff, full of energy, virility, power, just as if he was bursting upon the world in the strength of his youth. There are more ideas in this volume of plays, and, of course, their prefaces, than you will find in fifty reprints of popular "dramatic successes." I am greatly looking forward to the book that Mr. Shaw will write when he is a hundred.

NOVELISTS have been up to now divided into two categories—novelists and lady-novelists. Surely the time has come for a revision of the perspective, and the division ought to be between novelists and gentleman-novelists. For the ladies are steadily and continuously advancing over a broad front, shoulder to shoulder, in massed battalions of novels. The final blow has been struck by Miss Phyllis Bentley in *A Modern Tragedy* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), for in this splendid novel she

Phyllis Bentley

Phyllis Bentley's new novel, "A Modern Tragedy," which deals, as did "Inheritance," with industrial Yorkshire in the lean years of the slump, is reviewed on this page

has stormed the stronghold in which Balzac was supreme, and Arnold Bennett a good second-in-command. *A Modern Tragedy* is a novel about commerce. Imagine Jane Austen or Charlotte Brontë writing descriptions of company board-meetings, and you will get some idea of the distance that novelists have marched in their conquest of the sphere in which gentlemen were formerly predominant. The scene of Miss Bentley's new book is her beloved Yorkshire, and her background is the drab and grey atmosphere of a manufacturing town, with its mills, its small, mean streets, its interminable rows of back-to-back slums, and the all-pervading, hideous spectre of unemployment. It is a grim story, of the battle of two men against giant economic forces. They are defeated by the forces which have defeated many other good men before, and in the end they find themselves in the dock, and are sentenced to ten years' and five years' penal servitude respectively. The trial scenes at the end of the book, and the confession of guilt of the younger man to the girl he loves are a magnificent climax to a great novel. It is such a relief to find a craftsman of words, in these days of hustle and rush, who works upon an immense canvas. Little dabs of thin paint are so fashionable nowadays, but Miss Bentley works in the old, grand manner. *A Modern Tragedy* is a novel that will live.

MISS WINIFRED HOLTBY is another of them—a distinguished novelist and essayist, and her new book, *Truth Is Not Sober* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), will add to her already wide reputation. It is a collection of short stories of a quite remarkable versatility, for it is divided into four sections, Satiric, Exotic, Bucolic, and Domestic, and Miss Holtby ranges easily over these four aspects of the human comedy. Of the four, I found the Satire far and away the most delightful. Partly because Miss Holtby seems to enjoy herself and to let herself go more in this section than in the others, and partly because it is written in the vein, and, indeed, almost the style, of that most engaging of all gentle satire books, Richard Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods*. Miss Holtby's story, *Reformers in Hell*, might have been written by Garnett himself, and, to me, at least, there could be no higher praise. Another story, *The Voice of God*, is a magnificent piece of irony. The central figure in it is an inventor, who made an instrument by which he could listen-in to the past. His invention is taken up as a newspaper stunt, and from broadcasting the bombardment of Copenhagen by Nelson, and Mrs. Disraeli's statement to Mr. Disraeli of what she really thought about Queen Victoria, it was only a step to the logical conclusion of hearing what God actually said on Mount Sinai. The result of the experiment was inevitable world-chaos, and the news-editor hastily decided that it would be more profitable to drop the Almighty and to launch a new crusade for really womanly women, and thus please the big drapers. But although I liked the Satire section the best, I do not mean for a moment to imply that I did not like the others as well. *Truth Is Not Sober* is a delightful and brilliant book.

WHEN Mr. Noel Coward seized upon Mr. Bernard Shaw's idea of making young things prattle to each other, he let loose a flood which does not even yet show signs of abating. Miss Margaret Dale is in the swim with her new novel, *Maze* (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*). But Miss Dale is slightly more original than a great many of her fellow-swimmers in that her young people are really extremely amusing in their own trivial way. There are two twins, young men, exactly like each other, who pop in and out all the time and greatly confuse everybody; and there are two charming young ladies who sustain the other half of the dialogue. I do not think that Miss Dale will ever be compared as a novelist to Tolstoy or Turgeniev, but she is certainly possessed of a pleasant wit and a neat mode of expression, and *Maze* is to be recommended as much better than most books of this slim and elegant type.

Four Boys and a Girl

Members of the Young Generation Who Take After Their Good-looking Mothers

Lady Crawley-Boevey and Her Sons *Lenare*

Lady Crawley-Boevey is Sir Lancelot Crawley-Boevey's wife; before her marriage, she was Miss Elizabeth Innes. Her sons are Thomas, aged six, and Anthony, aged two. The Crawley-Boeveys live at Flaxley Abbey, in Gloucestershire

Tunbridge

Mrs. Robin Bushman and Belinda

Mrs. Robin Bushman, who was Miss Leslie Lampson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lampson, married Mr. Robin Bushman, Grenadier Guards, in 1932. Their daughter, Belinda, is nearly a year old. Mr. Bushman is the son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Henry Bushman, K.C.B., and Lady Bushman

Mrs. David Heneage with Simon and Timothy *Tunbridge*

Left: a new portrait of Mr. David Heneage's attractive wife, with her two small sons, Simon, who is three, and Timothy, who is rising two. The David Heneages live in London; they have a house in Cranley Gardens

"Now, look 'ere, man, 'av'n't you ever *seen* a ruddy duke?"

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

THE Conservatives used to be called the Stupid Party. It was, I think, before the Brewers gave them an alias. Their policy may be stupid to-day, that is their leader's fault; but the speeches of the Back-Benchers are just frankly dull, and that is the fault of no one but themselves. They say their parts beautifully, but there is no life in them. Lady Astor has more vitality in her little finger than three-quarters of the rest of the House put together.

IT was a pity that Mr. Hacking the other day went for Lady Astor as he did. Technically, he played his trump-card perfectly. The result was grand slam to him; but when his trick was discussed afterwards it wasn't thought so much of. Besides, these revelations of what Members write to their constituents surely are not to be encouraged?

ONE cannot help being amused at the agitation raised by Sir Adrian Baillie over the House of Lords' petition to the King, when the Lower House so cheerfully votes away its own privileges almost without hesitation, because a popular Minister asks it to. Why doesn't Sir Adrian take up the question of Commons procedure if he wants something to occupy himself with? He might start on unnecessary questions—reputed to cost a guinea a time. Mr. Hall Caine is only a week behind; hadn't he had his Official Report, or why did he ask for precisely the information which had been given a few days previously? Answer was by reference. I 'd have preferred a sentence.

COLONEL MOORE, who sits for Ayr Burghs, has been raising the old cry of more and shorter speeches. Colonel Moore speaks very fast; in fourteen minutes he, himself, can congratulate the Government I don't know how many times. He is an Irishman, but he lives in London. That is why he sits for a Scottish seat.

MR. CHARLES EMMOTT sits for Glasgow—the Springburn Division. He was in in 1931 with thirty-four votes to spare. Even to-day there are five Socialists representing the second largest city in the kingdom. Mr. Emmott makes very good speeches, but it is almost too much to hope for that he should survive the flood. I don't think even Sir Stafford Cripps will make the tide flow the other way. Mosley, of course, wants to improve on Canute.

THE National Government ought to make up its mind and let it be known if and how it proposes to fight the next Election. Members ought to start soon on their preliminary canters. It is difficult for them when they don't know whether it is a thoroughbred or an ass they are in charge of.

THE Co-operative bogey-man of the more coloured Press is causing heart trouble in some circles. Members who have extensive societies in their Divisions are in a predicament. And they can't get out of it by offering a cheaper, more magnificent set of Dickens, on the best mutuality principle.

"Is the B.B.C. the Big, Bad——?" I was asked the other day. I interrupted. I did not dare hear the last word. It might have given the Ministry of Labour an idea too. But that Members are frightened of it, there is no mistaking. Mr. Boothby is on the war-path now, and he is a good fighter. Once he comes to grips he doesn't leave go; whatever it may cost him.

THE man, I believe, who will settle the fate of the Tory Party in the next few months, over India and the question of their relations with their Socialist and Liberal allies, is Sir Austen Chamberlain. He must have grown tired of reading, during this Parliament, of his increased prestige and his acknowledged leadership of the young M.P.s. But his position is unique. If only he were a younger man himself! What he decides will be the eventual decision of a majority of his Party. The one thing lacking is someone to give an active lead.

I SEE the Liberals are to issue their policy. They are rather good at this sort of thing. If programmes and policies, attractively compiled, artistically published and purchaseable at a ridiculously low price could put a Party in power, the Liberals would have a balance to their credit of a few hundred years.

THE Socialists came best out of the Cambridge by-election. Would the Conservatives have done better had they chosen a local man to represent them? Cirencester—where Mr. Tufnell comes from—is a long way off. Would they have done better to have chosen Lord Hinchingbrooke? I am told he is forsaking Mr. Baldwin and going into the City. Surely one reverse hasn't lost him to us for ever?

The P.M.G.: "I say, Sir John, have you heard of a man called Boothby?"

Sir John Reith: "A deceased novelist?"

The P.M.G.: "No, a critic—very much alive."

Mr. Boothby, a good fighter, is on the war-path against the B.B.C.

PARTIES—AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

Swaebe

Looking at London . . .

(1) The Hon. Michael Scott, the Earl of Eldon's brother, and Lady Anne Hunloke, the Duke of Devonshire's daughter, were in a party at the Café de Paris last week

Swaebe

(2) Commander P. L. Frampton, R.N., Miss Kit Hagen, the attractive American, and M. de Loriol

(3) Miss Elizabeth Brooke, Lady Inchcape's younger sister, dancing at the Café with M. Jacques de Shelley

PARTIES—THE MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON'S

(4) Mr. Landsberg talking to the Duchess of Rutland at the reception which Lady Northampton and the Committee of the Marlborough Loan Exhibition gave last week

(5) Lady Leigh shaking hands with Lady Northampton. The party was held at Chesterfield House, the home of the Exhibition, which is in aid of the Y.W.C.A., to provide funds for the development of its hostels and clubs

(6) Mrs. Wigram and M. Charles Corbin, the French Ambassador, were two more of Lady Northampton's guests

PAINTS AND CHISEL

(7) Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, Lady Forbes-Robertson, Eileen, Countess d'Armil, Miss Gwen Lally, and Lady de Chair, judging posters at Sunderland House for the Pageant of Runnymede

(8) Mr. Andrew O'Connor, the famous American sculptor, at work in the studio which he has taken in Chelsea. The group is called "Maternity"; it is being cut from one huge block of marble

ENGAGED AND MARRIED

(9) Mr. Geoffrey Agnew and the Hon. Doreen Jessel, Lord and Lady Jessel's younger daughter, whose engagement was announced last week, were photographed out walking in Hyde Park

(10) Mr. Phelim O'Neill, son of Sir Hugh O'Neill, M.P., and Lady O'Neill, and Miss Clare Blow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Detmar Blow, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding

(11) René Fanchois, the author of "The Late Christopher Bean," cracks a good joke for Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans, after the curtain fell at the end of a performance at the St. James's

(12) Major Wynne Roberts, Leslie Henson, Violet Lorraine, Brig.-Gen. H. B. Kennedy, and Leslie Banks cutting the cake at Leslie Henson's reunion, held on the stage at the Strand, for members of his war-time concert party, the Gaieties

A JOKE AND A CAKE AFIER THE SHOW

Above: Lord Bective, Miss Russell Clarke, Mrs. Russell Clarke, and Lady Bective on their way in to the Leicester Square Theatre

Miss Maria Dawson, Captain Geoffrey Courtenay, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, Mr. FitzClarence, and Mrs. Julie Thomson, who provided an interesting fashion note by wearing a hat. The black tie and the white tie brigades are still pretty equally represented at smart film first-nights

Below: Kathleen, Lady Domville and Mr. Gerald Mitchell were in the audience

Above: Mrs. Lawrence, Gertrude Lawrence's mother, and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, went together. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, plays the part of Czar Peter

Right: Merle Oberon, who is to be Douglas Fairbanks, Senior's, opposite number in his film about Don Juan, is talking to Mr. Frank Joyce

Captain and Lady Morvyth Benson are two of Mayfair's most knowledgeable and regular film-goers

Mme. Paravicini, the wife of the Swiss Minister, the Belgian Ambassador, and Mlle. Livia Paravicini represented the diplomatic world

Lorna, Countess Howe, and ex-King George of Greece were early in their places before the film started

Sir Henry Wood provides a new film première "face," at any rate as far as the camera is concerned; he took his two daughters, Miss Averil and Miss Tatiana Wood, to see Elisabeth Bergner's first English film performance

Another Film Première De Luxe

"Catherine the Great," at Leicester Square

Left: Lady Hindlip was wearing a nice line in ermine coats; arriving with her is Mrs. Battinger

Below: Mrs. Hart-Davis talking to Mr. Jim Lawrence

Mrs. Derek Morley and the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter

GOING OUT

"The Bystander" in Society

Lady Anne Bridgeman, whose style of hair-dressing is attractively demure, wore a simple red and white printed dress at the Savoy; she is dancing with Mr. Terry Weldon

Stage party at the Savoy: Claire Luce in black tulle, with ruching as shoulder and neck decoration, watching the cabaret with Miles Mander

Gloria Gilbert, the spinning dancer, has been in the cabaret at the Savoy. She must be able to go round on one toe more often and more quickly than anyone else in the world

THERE were one or two festivals last week which should have been better observed. Shrove Tuesday had very little notice taken of it, beyond the fact that the principal restaurants had pancakes on the menu, and that there was the usual photograph in the papers of the Westminster boys scrambling on the floor for *one* pancake only, and trying to look as though they enjoyed it. On that day, too, was a total eclipse of the sun: as this was invisible at Greenwich, and there was a fog in Mayfair, it helped us very little.

OF course, Ash Wednesday caused quite a lot of thought in some homes: numbers of people all intend to give up something during that period of forty days, and, fortunately, rarely do so. The temper is so badly affected if one is used to even a moderate ration of alcohol. And Lenten dances are to flourish this year.

ON Wednesday Mrs. Richard Buxton gave a dance for her débutante daughter, and the same night, at Londonderry House, there was singing and harp-playing of Gaelic songs and airs by the London Gaelic Choir. Lord and Lady Bute, Lord and Lady Dunmore, and the Prime Minister, who, of course, understands this lingo, were among the guests.

A RATHER Lenten-like pastime has been the collection of an exhibition of needlework in 15, Portman Square. This opened yesterday, and among the contributions is an embroidered fire-screen, from Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Westminster, who is an expert needlewoman, is another exhibitor; so also is Lady Betty Butler.

ASH WEDNESDAY coincided with St. Valentine's Day. I understand that the portly Viscount, Lord Castlerosse, received over one hundred tokens praising his Christian name: and one was a five-pound note, drawn on the Bank of Love. He is naturally wondering where to cash it. Otherwise, Mayfair did rather poorly over valentines.

LET us hand out a bouquet to Miss Susan Noel for winning the Ladies' Squash Rackets Championship. She is only just twenty; she works very hard in a clock-shop in Bond Street, which kindly gave her a week's holiday during this tournament. She has also been on the stage—in *Wonder Bar*. On the form of the American women playing over here now, Miss Noel is certainly the best woman player in the world, and beat Miss Lumb quite easily in the final.

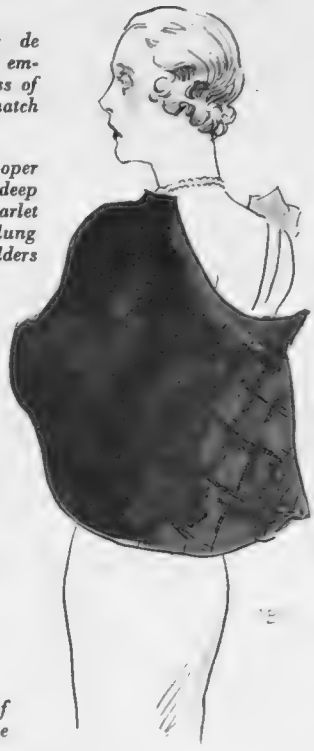
LET all who have not been to the Albert Hall go to see the grand spectacle, *Elijah*. T. C. Fairbairn has certainly put new life into this oratorio, which one associates with white-frocked maidens and black-coated, lusty males, standing in serried ranks, singing, "O Baal, Hear Us!" By the expression on Baal's face in this production, he seemed to have had indigestion, and he nearly toppled over when brought in! The clothes, the scenery, and the lighting effects are all excellent, and Mendelssohn's music is so much more tuneful than that of Handel in *The Messiah*.

DURING the interval I found Jezebel (Maria Sandra) smoking a cigarette with Ahab (Cuthbert Reavely). Nubian slaves, Israelites, priests of Baal, nautch girls crowded in the bar to refresh themselves: a bell suddenly rang, and they swept into the arena to take part in the Bacchanalian revels in Jezebel's ivory palace, and nearly swept me with them.

TO GOINGS-ON

Left: Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira's olive beauty was emphasised by a halo head-dress of turquoise, with ear-rings to match

Right: Lady Diana Duff-Cooper wore a chiffon dress of deep hyacinth blue, with a scarlet quilted-taffeta coatee, slung nonchalantly round her shoulders



Lord Brownlow went with his wife to the first night of "Catherine the Great," at the Leicester Square Theatre

The Marchese Marconi and his beautiful wife arriving in Leicester Square to see the brilliant little Austrian as the Russian Empress

LORD ABERDARE had a large party in his box: his sister, Lady Bradford, seemed very amused when the fiery chariot stuck in the wings. But beyond that, and the fact that an angel refused to return to Heaven, all went well.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM REID had a large party in a box, with Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Lord Darnley, the Walter Paynes; Sir Julien Cahn, who is the Chairman of the Birthday Trust Fund, was with Lady Howard de Walden and Lady (Arthur) Pearson, the President of St. Dunstan's. And it is in aid of these very excellent charities that this pageant is being arranged.

BUT the Children of Israel were not all at Elijah's service on that evening. At the Queen's Hall Ernest Bloch, the great Jewish composer, had drawn a very large audience for his concert, of which the majority were of his own race. His works are so little known here that there was a large professional element there, too—Arnold Bax, Harriet Cohen, Schonberg, and Sir Henry Wood among them. Mrs. Israel Sieff had sponsored the concert—her husband spoke brilliantly on the wireless the other evening. Bloch's earlier works seemed to appeal most; the psalms were so heavily orchestrated that Tatiana Makushina could scarcely make herself heard.

THE next night Mr. Sidney Beer showed what a great improvement he has made as a conductor in the last year. He is now treated as a serious musician, and not as an ex-racehorse owner. He is a great lover of Richard Strauss, whose tone poem, "Ein Heldenleben," he certainly conducted very well. Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, the Brazilian Ambassador's daughter, sat with Mr. Francis Toye, the famous musical critic. He and Dr. Malcolm Sargent were responsible for setting off Mr. Beer in the paths of serious music—though he had played second violin in the school orchestra at Uppingham in his very young days.

MR. GILLIE POTTER has been to Oxford, speaking before the Union. The house was convulsed with laughter at the "Potterisms," and the original motion was soon forgotten. Oxford and Cambridge were both in serious training for the Boat-Race, one of Mr. Potter's speciality descriptions. Mr. Peter Haig-Thomas is now in charge of the Cambridge crew—he is married to one of Lord Normanton's sisters.

THE Gargoyle Club recently celebrated its ninth anniversary. Other clubs come and go, but this one, under the guidance of the David Tennants, goes along in a quietly happy way. They gave a large cocktail-party to the members on this auspicious day, and then departed to St. Moritz for a week's holiday.

CHARLES B. COCHRAN has been the leading light in the theatrical world lately—he has been able to induce a queue to wait for four days for a first night. And, despite the fact that fifty shillings was charged for each stall, to avoid waiting in the queue patrons rushed to buy the tickets, which were sold out in one hour and a half. It may be unnecessary to add that the play is by Noel Coward, features Yvonne Printemps and himself, is called *Conversation Piece*, and is at His Majesty's Theatre. Part of the first-night proceeds were devoted to aiding the Guide Dogs for the Blind organisation, and part to the Actors' Benevolent Fund.—MR. PEEPS

Everyone was very sorry to hear of Mrs. Charles Sweeny's serious illness; we regret that the sketch of her which appears on page 355 had gone to press before the news was published.

Sketches by

Molly Bishop

Frances Williams, waving the cabaret star's inevitable chiffon handkerchief, and singing a "haht number" at the Monseigneur

Sir Brograve Beauchamp and his brother-in-law, Lord Carnarvon, walking around in Monte Carlo. Lord Carnarvon has been home since, but Lady Carnarvon is still in the South of France

Captai yacht of the

R for Royal, Rich, Radiant an

Kings, Celebrities and Sunshine at Monte Carlo,

Above: King Gustaaf of Sweden is one of the Riviera's most regular visitors in the spring; he is staying out there now, and was playing in a tennis tournament at Nice when he was photographed

At the top: the Grand Duke François Joseph von Hapsburg, Baronne Kahler, an attractive Viennese, and Mr. Edgar H. Hansen, having tea in a sunny corner at the Hotel Metropole, Monte Carlo

Miss Matterson, Mrs. Pollock and Colonel Cleaver on one of those terraces overlooking the Croisette at Cannes which are as popular for drinks before lunch in winter as they are before dinner in summer

Lord Charles Hope, another Riviera tennis regular at the Carlton Tennis Club at Cannes

n Pringle on board his Verona, which has been one many boats in Cannes harbour

Right: the King of Denmark visits Mr. Wett on board his yacht, the Doriana, after the racing on the first day of the season in Cannes, which was held in honour of his Majesty

nd Riviera

Nice and Cannes

A typical Monte Carlo sight—lunchers on the sunny terrace of the Café de Paris, with the inimitably Riviera-ish buildings behind, standing richly florid against the brilliant blue sky

Left: Major and Mrs. Fordyce Buck, two more of the English visitors to Cannes, sitting on the terrace at the Carlton Hotel

Honeymooning in Surrey

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Walker spending their honeymoon at Burford Bridge, in Surrey. Mr. Walker is New York's wisecracking ex-Mayor, and his wife was Betty Compton (the film actress) before her marriage

Right: a bobsleigh team which includes the Crown Prince of Italy (second from left) and his sister, Princess Mafalda d'Assia (second from right), arriving in style after a race on an Italian Alps run

Below: Colonel Fellowes acting as skip in a match on the Kronenhof Rink at Pontresina. Colonel Fellowes is a well-known curling expert

Bobsleighing in Italy

Hunting in the Midlands—

Lady Conyers and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall talking to Lady Ursula Manners, the Duke of Rutland's daughter, and her big, black dog at the Belvoir meet at Granby

—and in the West Country

Captain and Mrs. C. F. Parks at a Mendip meet. They have been Joint Masters of the Mendip, but have had to resign owing to the heavy expenses entailed in kennels-upkeep

ROUNDABOUT

A Gaelic Concert

Lord Londonderry, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, Lady Londonderry and the Prime Minister at a concert of Gaelic and Scottish music at Londonderry House, in aid of the London Gaelic Choir's Fund. The Gaelic Choir sang, and Mr. J. S. Macintyre conducted

Left: Mr. R. F. Oakes, President of the English Rugby Union, thanking one of the Plaza girls for the chain of horseshoes with which he was presented at the Plaza, Dublin, before the International "Rugger" match—which shows that horseshoes are lucky. It is at the Plaza that the great sweepstake draws take place

Painting Out-of-Doors

Above: Mr. W. Burton, American-millionaire-artist, painting a portrait of Mrs. Percy Brooksbank, the wife of the well-known Yorkshire polo-player, at his villa, Fernie St. Antoine, at Mougins, near Cannes

Left: Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, the famous animal-painter, who has had a picture in the Academy every year since 1894, on Mustapha, her favourite model. She takes her satchel of paints and book wherever she goes, and does a great deal of her work out in the fields

Left: 2nd-Lt. A. G. Cairns dancing with Miss Jackson at the Ball, which is always one of the most cheerful and well-done dates of the winter dancing season in the Nottingham part of the world

Above are Brevet-Col. L. C. Brewill, the Colonel of the Robin Hoods, Colonel Rook, O.B.E., Mrs. Rook, Colonel L. Griffith, D.S.O. Below are Major D. M. Lindsay and Major A. A. Walton, the honorary dance secretary, standing behind the China Challenge Cup, won at Bisley last year by the 46th (North Midland) Division, and in 1873 by a Robin Hood team

A supper-party at the Palais de Danse: Mrs. Walton, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Nottingham, Alderman and Mrs. John Farr, Lord Galway, who is a J.P. and D.L. for Nottinghamshire, and Mrs. Brewill

"... And His Merry Men"

The Robin Hoods' Ball at the Palais de Danse, Nottingham

Photographs by Swaebe

Miss Barbara Farr, the daughter of the Lord Mayor of Nottingham, getting her programme in order

Colonel Dene, D.S.O., another of the many soldiers at the Ball, is sitting over supper with Mrs. Jocelyn Abel Smith

Mrs. McCraith and Mr. Louis Gluckstein, Conservative M.P. for East Nottingham since 1931

A Few O.P.s of the Old Paulines' "Rugger" Club

Caught at the Bar by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

The Match Secretary, Hylton Cleaver

The Beauty Chorus

A. Jankel—Robert Klemin—and F. M. Wiseman

Below: The Treasurer, "Bill" Farrell

Peter Barribal and "Bob" Dixon, Chief Bar Attendants

"Jock" Maclean

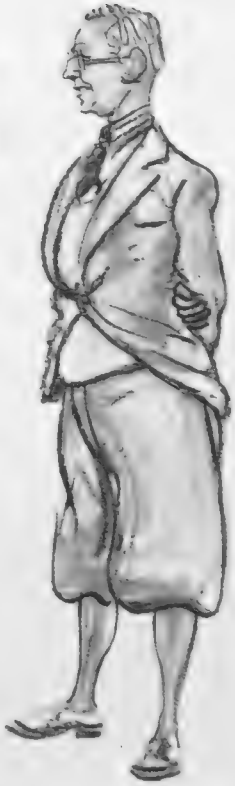
E. A. Low

J. P. H. Salmon, of Middlesex County

"Mickey" Mischler, the Captain

The old War-Horse, "Nick" Nicholls

Leslie Cohen, the well-known amateur boxer.



"Lat" Trace, the O.P.'s dentist

The Navy using their feet against the R.A.F., whom they beat by a record number of points, thirty-six to nil

F. M. Argyle (Clare College yards race from W. G. S. Johnst

Hedley Verity, the Yorkshire left-hander, whose bowling went far to win the third England v. India Test Match. He took seven for forty-nine in the first innings

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

JACK (Giant-Killer) PETERSEN is certainly staging a grand-stand come-back. Twice now I've made long journeys into the provinces, and he has provided me with exactly four minutes' fighting. First he put Charlie Smith away, and then, at Leicester, he smashed Reggie Meen into oblivion with the greatest ease.

Poor Meen! I can't help being sorry for him. I remember that day when he was brought up to London as a willing sacrifice to Carnera, and then he was written up as a most promising young hero. He has not redeemed his promise, for he is just another of those British heavy-weights whose physique outstrips their speed of thought. For all that, it was unpleasant to hear the crowd—a section of it, at least—booing him at Leicester. I thought, myself, that Meen showed splendid courage; he took some fearful wallops, but struggled to his feet while the strength remained in him. And if only he had made more use of that left hand of his he might have tamed Petersen's fury: once he did connect, and rocked Petersen on his heels, but to our amazement he did not follow up.

This was the difference between Meen and Petersen—a slow mind and a quick one. Petersen may appear to be uncontrolled, but he thinks, and his reactions are swift. No cumbersome heavy-weight has a chance against him. What will happen, though, when he meets Len Harvey at the White City in the summer? I think he will win this time, but Harvey is an awkward customer.

DID you see Harvey beat Larry Gains at the Albert Hall? Were you bored by the lack of violent action, or exhilarated by the superb foot-work and boxing skill which made the fight a test of wits? They say that our attitude towards boxing has changed, that if Jim Driscoll was still in the ring we should not bother to watch his exhibitions of the art of self-defence. We demand action, speed, fury of the Petersen brand, and boxing, the sweet science, is dead.

I'M not so sure. I don't think we've changed really. We always loved a fight when the big men were in action—the old days of the prize-ring were savage enough, in all conscience. At the same time, there is, and always has been, a public for skill among the lighter weights, and the brilliant bantams will invariably draw a crowd.

Still, it is the drama of the big men which rings the bell—the heavy punch, the display of courage, the chance of a sudden ending. And unless the heavy-weights really fight they are dull: we cannot stand that dreary ambling round the ring, that hugging and clinching and wrestling which so often takes the place of fighting.

THERE are some who advise Jack Petersen to curb his impetuosity, but I am certain they are wrong. Let the boy fight his own way: remember how he lost to Harvey. The secret of Harvey's success lies in his ability to make his opponent fight the way he wants him to, and although there was some dispute over the verdict when he beat Gains, his performance was remarkably clever against a much heavier man.

THAT'S enough of boxing, and I must admit I've had rather an over-dose of it lately—Cardiff, Leicester, and the Albert Hall. I seem to spend my life travelling from point to point on this eternal triangle. How about the Boat Race, for a change? My expert observer tells me that Oxford have improved considerably since they moved R. W. G. Holdsworth back to stroke and transferred the heavy-weight, A. V. Sutcliffe, to four. Sutcliffe was late on his crew at stroke, but at four he makes better

...nearest camera, is seen winning the hundred in the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Sports

A University College player "scragged" and forced into touch in the Hospitals' Rugby Cup match played between St. Thomas's Hospital and University College, and won with ease by the former by twenty-seven points to five

use of his power, and is not late. With Holdsworth at stroke the boat is moving more smoothly, and the work is more of a piece; the blemish, at present, is a weak finish, but this can be remedied. Holdsworth's experience, moreover, should stand Oxford in good stead. As I write, it is intended that Oxford should take a rest: by the time you read this they will have had it, I hope, over the week-end. They need it, for there is more than a suspicion of staleness about them.

CAMBRIDGE, in the meanwhile, have reversed the Oxford process, and have brought in a heavy-weight at stroke, N. J. Bradley, the 14-stone Pembroke man. Here also an improvement has resulted, but it is a little difficult to sum up the chances of the crews yet awhile. At least there is this to note: the balance is swinging. Whereas, a few years ago, a Cambridge victory was pretty well a foregone conclusion, we now take it for granted that Oxford have an excellent chance of winning. The odds are, indeed, that Oxford will at last turn the tide this year, and if they do, their victory will be about the most popular one on record. Cambridge are as tired of their unbroken run of triumphs as Oxford are, and that 's saying something.

NOW to Rugby football, and I 'm sorry indeed to hear that S. L. Waide and P. B. Coote, the Irish three-quarters who were injured earlier in the season, may never be able to turn out again. Waide has had to undergo another operation—not a serious one this time—but his complete recovery must be a very long job, I 'm afraid.

INCIDENTALLY, my colleague, Mr. Howard Marshall, tells me that he has been involved in ferocious arguments for daring to suggest that the home unions should not resume Rugby relations with France. His opponents say that he must take the long view: that this is, in essence, a political matter; that, anyway, we shall not be able to stand aloof from the Continental Rugby situation; that the Football Association tried to do it ten years ago, but failed entirely; that it is our duty to see that the game we invented is played in the proper spirit on the Continent. To all of which, Howard Marshall replies: "Nonsense: we 'll play Rugby football our way or not at all. We can keep out of the European jam, and we will keep out of it. And politicians? Smother-tackles for them!"

MAYBE he is right; maybe he isn't. What do you think about it?

Right: Miss Susan Noel, who won the Women's Squash Championship for the second year in succession. At the moment, she appears to be in a class by herself, and is the Amr. Bey among women

Miss Susan Noel

Miss Box, stroke of the Oxford University Ladies' Eight, setting off to practise in preparation for the annual boat-race against the Cambridge ladies' crew

A Racing Reverie

Park Courses

By "Regular"

Lady Lindsay proudly leading in her horse, Blue Prince, after winning the Nottinghamshire Handicap Steeplechase

Below: Mr. J. Lakin's Norseman (owner up), winner of the New College Old Members' Challenge Cup at the Eton College and Magdalen Point-to-Point Steeplechases, at Showell Farm, Little Tew, Chipping Norton

Mrs. Greenall and Mr. J. Seely, two of the spectators at the first day of the February Meeting of the Nottingham Steeplechases

FOUR consecutive days' racing on the Park Courses in glorious weather is something of a record this foul winter, and everyone, from the jockeys and trainers down to the little man who runs around like a scalded cat, from Ikey to Mo, saying "Clayton the favourite" (this means that Mr. Jack Clayton has backed the favourite), was highly delighted.

I AM coming to the conclusion that jumping is very straight, as I saw another non-tryer successful the other day. The jockey very nobly tried to cover it up nice and cosily away from the focus of the race-glasses of the ever-vigilant Major Weyland, but all to no avail, and wisely realising that there was nothing for it but to go for his life, he rode a great finish and won a head.

QUITE frankly, the victory of a non-tryer invariably makes me very sad. The fact that it's not having a pop has almost certainly been reflected in the market, and Uncle Regular, with his keen nose for a bit of "dead meat," has inwardly digested this fact. He has, in all probability, backed two, or perhaps three, other horses in the race, so the victory of the unexpected one leaves him considerably poorer.

I READ somewhere the other day that there are fifty-seven million horses in Europe. Very few of them, though, can be slower than the perfect specimens of the British thoroughbred which contested the opening seller at Gatwick, while their jumping reminded me of a very old gentleman climbing over a very high gate.

IN contrast to this apology for a race, we were given a great display of jumping by Ready Cash and Royal Ransom. The former won easily enough at the finish, and looks like starting favourite for the National.

IF the National was run at Gatwick, Uncle Batt would very nearly start favourite. He and Arthur Robson are an almost unbeatable combination on this course, and I have seldom seen a horse put up a better display of careful "lepping" than did Mr. Brandt's gallant little grey. Mr. Brandt, who won three races during the week, is a rare good sportsmen and, like all good sportsmen, thinks racing and hunting by far the best of the outdoor games.

JUDGE ROBINSON gave us a lot of fun in the last race at Gatwick. It seemed apparent to everyone at Gatwick, bar Judge Robinson and the cloak-room attendant, who was otherwise engaged, that Pahokee had finished third, just beaten in a desperate finish by Radford and Coldstream.

JUDGE ROBINSON, though, put Hush Hush, who had begun slowly and finished ninth, in that position. This was just a little too much for Uncle Regular, and one or two others who had backed Pahokee each way, so we rushed to the weighing-room to see what we could do about it.

THERE we found that great righter of wrongs, Major (Have you ever seen a dream walking?) Weyland, and in a flash, or, at any rate, some time before it was dark that night, we got the number changed and Pahokee put in his rightful position.

I MAY say that our task was rendered slightly more difficult by the lamentable apathy of trainer Brown, who hadn't backed his horse each way and didn't care a couple of damns whether he was third or last. Mr. Landale Wilson, however, the owner of Hush Hush, came to our rescue, as, when asked where he thought his horse had finished, he replied, "I regret no nearer than ninth."

HURST PARK was very gay, but winners were precious hard to find. The Mem, however, thought it a packet of fun until she got hold of my race-card on the way home and discovered how much I'd lost. "So Worm squanders wife's happiness on Mrs. Vernet! Very soon, half-witted, spendthrift Worm won't be able to settle, then wife will suffer undying shame of seeing Worm posted before Tattersalls."

PRIOR to this little contretemps, however, the day had been one long round of social triumphs—a low curtsey to Prince Aly Khan, recently returned from India, a girl's gossip with Miss Celia Palmer, who informed us that a very well-known clergyman's daughter was lying—or is it lieing?—her way to America, a roguish smile to Mr. Clayton, an exchange of confidences with Mrs. Beatty, and a message for Vandy, who, I am delighted to hear, is well on the road to recovery. More confidences with Mrs. Rank, and, finally, congratulations to Mrs. Brownhill on the success of her gallant husband in the race dedicated to the bravest of all the G. R.s—R. E. Sassoon.

THE most popular victory of the Hurst Park meeting, was that of Ballymoe. Ballymoe is owned by a great sportsman, in Mr. Barbour, trained by the most popular trainer in England, in "Rattle" Barrett, and ridden by a very gallant gentleman, in Peter Payne Galway.

UNDER these circumstances, Ballymoe ought to be the luckiest horse in training. Not a bit of it though, for his tale of misfortunes would give Jonah's a stone and a beating. When at long last, however, the luck changed and he won a well-merited victory, the cheering was loud and long, and the fact that he was a hot favourite, made the win more popular still.

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
MADE IN ENGLAND
S P E E D
C.F.H.

Peggy Delius

Sir Landon Ronald

An interesting series of studies of the famous English conductor and composer, showing the technique he actually uses when the orchestra is in front of him

Music (and all That)

Jazz Partisanship

By "Melos"

A FEW years ago it began to be realised that there is some genuine musical virtue in jazz, and lots of people were happy. Mr. George Gershwin was so happy that he wrote his "Rhapsody in Blue," which was neither good music nor good jazz. For that is what happens to modern jazz when it tries to become respectable: it becomes, instead, merely amorphous and dull.

I once knew an artist who wanted to paint a little girl selling flowers in the street in a condition of picturesque and none-too-clean ragamuffinery. She turned up at his studio the next day in her best frock, her face shining after the soap, and her hair crimped—and she looked dreadful. That is the condition of a bit of jazz when it is cleaned and pressed and served up with Grieg or Puccini sauce. Yet I find just now a tendency, not only to appraise this useful form of music at far above its proper value, but even to suggest that it is ousting serious music as being cleverer, more original, more expressive and infinitely more ingenious.

BLACK-FACED trumpet-players, coloured jazz bands, and the vast sums earned by them and by other purveyors of "hot" music, have upset the sense of proportion even of those who have not, musically speaking, gone native. The not-very-peaceful penetration of Harlem into the musical life of this country has just resulted in the publication of a serious musical article, illustrated by photographs of Sir Edward Elgar and Duke Ellington, in which the two are compared, with the comparison rather in favour of the latter, who seems to be regarded as Sir Edward's "successor"—in what capacity I could not quite gather.

The main point made, however, is that modern jazz beats modern serious music, because it is more ingeniously treated from the orchestral point of view. I do not deny the orchestral ingenuity of Mr. Ellington and of his colleagues, black or white, on both sides of the Atlantic, though I think it is overrated, since jazz orchestration, unlike jazz orchestral players, is always of the same colour and the result is monotony.

But even if one were to grant, for the sake of argument, that the jazz merchants can score as brilliantly as Richard Strauss or Ravel, that would not materially affect the issue. Music stands or falls, not by the way in which it is treated, but by its subject-matter. Some jazz tunes have a superficial prettiness, but they never escape banality, which no amount of orchestral cleverness can ever hope to disguise.

The present position is not that the jazz performers and composers cannot carry their corn, but that their hysterical partisans feed them up with more praise than they deserve, and more than they desire.

THE symphonies of the late Gustav Mahler are many, yet but little known in this country. A couple of them have just been played, the more important of the two being the gigantic Ninth at the Queen's Hall B.B.C. concert. There is rather too much of it, but it is full of rich, fruity music, developed with skill—music that just falls short of greatness. That tiny interval is, unfortunately, vastly important.

Dr. Adrian Boult conducted the work; or, rather, he conducted *at* it. That is, I venture to think, Dr. Boult's main fault, much though he has improved, and sound though the work he has done and is doing. He does not seem to be controlling his men so much as to be making strange signs and gesticulations in front of them with that fishing-rod of a baton. Sometimes a swish to the right or left has some effect. Sometimes it does not. But there is never, to me, at least, the feeling that the orchestra is really answering the helm, for Dr. Boult does not seem to be part of the mechanism at all.

IT is not often that one sees Sir Thomas Beecham conducting from a score. That is a habit of which he disapproves, and it was he, I think, who once declared that there are two sorts of conductors—those who have the score in their heads and those who have their heads in the score; if he did not say that, it is quite true enough and witty enough to have been a "Tommyism."

But he had the score of the Brahms Violin Concerto before him last week when Georg Kulenkampf played it. It is, indeed, hardly fair for a conductor to accompany from memory, which is apt to upset a soloist; besides, Sir Thomas, if not exactly terrifying, is not the type to "nurse" his man.

Not that Herr Kulenkampf required any nursing. He is a slim, youngish, bald-headed German, apparently impassive and full of self-confidence. He is a brilliant fiddler. Not always a very sympathetic one, and apt, too, to make one think more of his brilliance than of the music he is playing; but technically well in the Heifetz and Menuhin class.

THE remainder of the programme of this "Phil" concert consisted of Strauss and Balakirev. I had not heard before the latter's Symphony in C—very Russian in flavour and demanding the Diaghileff Ballet at any or every moment. It was in Balakirev's *Tamar*—a story of how a queen of old Russia waved to strangers from her window, accorded them her favours, and then had them stabbed and pushed out of the window—that the lovely Karsavina made one of her first successes in London.

The symphony is good as absolute music, but it would be even better as illustrative music, for it is put together so much more crudely than the symphonies of Brahms or Elgar. In some respects it is curiously unsophisticated—and that is the very last that could ever be said of Strauss's amusing Mozart pastiche—the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Suite—which preceded it.

A Portfolio of FASHION

compiled weekly for THE BYSTANDER by Madge Garland.

THE navy blue wool coat shown above is in a plain weave with a collar of fancy stitch and pearl and plain waistband and cuffs. It has six anchor buttons and would look grand with your trousers

THE raglan-sleeved cardigan is in an open brown stitch threaded with pale aquamarine blue. It is extremely well fitted around the neck and across the shoulders and may be obtained in other colours

ABOVE, left. A thin woollen material with a basket weave makes this blouse which has a buttoned yoke with tiny darts in it and rolled up short sleeves. It is made in a lovely pale bluey-green

ABOVE, right. Check gingham, in a number of gay plaids is ideal as a spring freshener to one's suit. This one has bands on the cross, a bow at the neck and a number of pleated frills to recommend it

RIGHT. Although it doesn't look as if it were this jumper is made of velvet, but of a new kind which has a basket weave print on it. It is trimmed with triangular metal buttons and has a scarf to match it. Cherry-red, green or aquamarine blue are smart colours just now

All these models come from H. J. Nicoll

F. J. Gutmann

THIS lovely and unusual négligé of broche satin comes from Marjorie Castle of 18, Berkeley Square. It may be obtained in pale coral pink, white or dull green. Posed by Miss Susan Corbett

A Page

WE have pushed back our hats, swept back our evening dresses and now apparently we are going to fling back our coats. All this means that I have seen a new collection of coats which is unusually interesting. An entirely new line is created by the use of draperies reminiscent of a cowl which are seen on tweed coats, on black wool afternoon coats and even on bathing wraps. For instance a long coat of mohair tweed (a new material of which more anon) had a deep rounded yoke at the back and a shawl collar of the material pushed well down at the back and fastened on one shoulder by a large wooden button. Another coat in a loosely woven grey tweed had a definite cowl like a monk's which tied in a bow in front, while a black coat designed for afternoon wear had a cleverly arranged drapery outlining the shoulders at the back. This concentration of the interest at the back is the day-time equivalent of those lovely evening gowns which are only just beginning to come into their own and which have all the fullness or draperies of the skirt at the back, often culminating in a train.

AN alternative silhouette and one which appears contrary at first sight but is really all part of a desire to escape from the uninteresting pencil silhouette and to achieve greater variety, was shown in another coat of beige hopsack which had an upstanding collar at the back continuing into rounded revers in front which stood out at right angles to the front panels of the coat; these latter were fastened by a button at the base of the neck. A becoming line of which I predict we shall see more as time goes on.

RE the mohair tweed mentioned previously—this is a new type of material which is used to replace tweed. Unlike the ordinary variety the surface is rough and so loosely woven as to make the material as soft as the proverbial handkerchief and as light as the equally proverbial feather—all of which tends to make me think it's going to have a great success. Anyway it's extremely smart as is everything launched by this firm (the curious can just send me a postcard, coloured for preference, and I'll tell them which one it is).

ANOTHER novelty I'm mad about is the pierrot blouse. This I first saw in navy blue crêpe-de-Chine and it's amazingly floppy, shapeless and chic. Just a great deal of the material gathered into a ruff at the neck, and the wrists, but so cleverly cut and gathered that the effect is both unusual and smart. The ruff around the neck is larger in front than at the back and forms a frame to the chin, the frills around the wrist fall over the hand; this little number was worn with a beige mohair coat and skirt. The coat three-quarter length and with raglan sleeves. Most of them are this way but not so widely flared as last year's, they hang straight and loose and often accentuate the raglan cut of the sleeves by an upstanding ridge of the material.

ALSO seen and admired: a dark-green cardigan coat knitted in rope pattern which fastened right up to the throat with large hooks and eyes covered with the same wool. Jaeger's make this and do it in several colours but it's smartest in dark shades.

from the Book of Fashion

On Their Way to London

Sasha

Phyllis Konstam

Left: Phyllis Konstam (Mrs. "Bunny" Austin in private life) is to appear as Rose, the heroine of Louis Golding's novel, "Magnolia Street," in the dramatised version which C. B. Cochran is presenting in London in a few weeks' time

Houston Rogers

Phyllis Clare

A new portrait of that dazzling blonde, Phyllis Clare, who is in George Robey's new revue, "Here's How!" Phyllis Clare has done film-work both in England and Hollywood, and has sung on the radio and in cabaret, as well as on the stage. Her last film appearance was in "Aunt Sally"

Sasha

Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes

Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes is a daughter of the late Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, of Biarritz, and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes. She is making her stage début in "Here's How!" which starts its London run on Thursday at the Saville Theatre after having had a try-out in Manchester

Houston Rogers

Binnie Barnes

Left: Binnie Barnes is in another show which has made its provincial bow and opens at Daly's Theatre to-night — Miss Rita John's revue, "Yours Sincerely." Binnie Barnes has appeared in English and American pictures, and played the part of Katheryn Howard in that popular film, "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

Compiled for "Bystander" Readers by Charles Graves

After a visit to Paris, you appreciate London's restaurants and dance-clubs more than ever. Over there, the only places where people wear white ties (so I have just discovered) are Chez Florence and the Café de Paris, and at neither place are they compulsory. Paris, indeed, is changing places with London. Until not so long ago there were about only a dozen amusing places over here, while there were scores in Paris.

At the Monseigneur M. B. Paul

Frances Williams has come from America, where she has just finished filming in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," and is now singing at the Monseigneur

The Chatham Grill

The dancing shoe is on the other foot to-day. Jermyn Street bristles with them. You also find them in the Strand, and in Piccadilly all the way up to Park Lane. And how the food has improved! I had two really classic dinners last week—one at the Chatham Grill, and one at the Monseigneur. The former spot is now run by Mostosi, the rather military-looking restaurant-manager who was previously at Ciro's. It used to be Sovrani's. Since then they have installed the only spit in London. You can see it, what 's more, from your sofa table, enclosed in glass to prevent the heat being oppressive. It stands about eight feet high, and you can watch your own chicken twirling slowly on its hook in front of the red-hot coals. Beneath is a basin to catch the gravy. Golly, it 's good! Precede it with half-a-dozen oysters and a grilled sole, and you will wonder why you ever thought the food in Paris was so good. The wine list, too, is all that it should be, this place being one of the very few which have the Eckau and Mentzendorff Kümmel. They still have the glass pillars at the edge of the dance floor, but the decorations have been altered. Corinthian panels of hunting, fishing, prize-fighting, and even croquet, cover the walls.

The first person I saw there last week was G. N. Foster, the Old Corinthian, who knows good food as well as he knows good football. Tex Austin, who eats a whole chateaubriand all by himself, goes there too. A good tip is to try the Tibon cocktail—a dry martini with a dash of curaçoa in it. Originally it was made by mistake for Sir Hugo Hirst. He liked the result, and so do many others. There is a pleasant Tzigane orchestra, the leader of which comes up and asks what tune you would like him to play. Incidentally, it is the only band of this sort I have ever met which can play good dance music. In the evening, the audience itself frequently provides the cabaret. That is good fun too. Tuesday is the late night. If feeling adventurous, you might try the scrambled eggs à la Lady Cunard, or a Cochran omelette. The moules poulette and river trout from the grill also make your mouth water.

The Monseigneur

Turbot is always a test of a good chef. At the Monseigneur they offer to cook it for you in seven different ways. Here, too, the oysters are of a phenomenal size. There is also a first-class Tipica orchestra, led by Mantovani (shades of Virgil!). Next time you go there (and he plays at lunch-time too), ask for the love song from *Samson and Delilah*. He plays it magnificently. Ozenda, the restaurant-manager, is a pale, quiet, nice chap, who used to be with Taglione, and, before him, with the ill-fated Rizzi. Under him is our old friend Mussetti.

Yes, I very much like the parchment and cherry-coloured restaurant, with the discreet tinkle of cocktails coming over from the direction of Toni the barman, and the elegant balcony where I once brought Beatrice Lillie on her first visit to the place. Frances Williams, a blonde singer in the style of Marion Harris, provides the cabaret. The professional section of the audience think that she is even better, and certainly more accomplished, than Marion. Later on she will be succeeded by the Four Yacht Club Boys, and later still, Douglas Byng will return with new songs from the United States.

But the restaurant is by no means the end-all and be-all of Monseigneur. It has the only upstairs grill-room, I believe, in the West End. This is run by Cortesio, who used to be at the Embassy. I was wondering where he had got to. Those yellow, black and white check table cloths are most attractive, and so is the golden copper ceiling. No wonder the Mountbattens, Milford Havens, and Plunkets and Dalkeiths go there so often before the theatre or a "movie." Incidentally, the prices are automatically cheaper than on the Piccadilly

The Dorchester

An impression by our artist of some well-trimmed faces watching the ever-famous "Les Girls" at the Dorchester: on the left, Lord and Lady Brecknock; in the centre, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny; and on the right, Lord and Lady Portarlington

The Dorchester
PARK LANE, W.1 MAYFAIR 8888

FELIX FERRY'S PRODUCTION OF
Managing Director
FRANCIS TOWLE

"THE NEW YORK MIDNIGHT FOLLIES"

"LES GIRLS" OF 1934

IN RESPONSE TO NUMEROUS REQUESTS THERE IS NOW A

★★★★DINNER SHOW
NIGHTLY

INCLUDING
MITZI MAYFAIR
The youngest and most famous dancing star in America.
NICK LONG JUNR.
DIAMOND BROTHERS

JACK JACKSON & HIS BAND

DINNER OR SUPPER £1 : 1 : 0
DINNER AND SUPPER £1 : 11 : 6

The May Fair Hotel
BERKELEY SQUARE, W.1 MAYFAIR 7777

AT DINNER AND SUPPER
BARON & BLAIR
THE FAMOUS AMERICAN DANCERS
DIRECT FROM CENTRAL PARK CASINO, NEW YORK and the INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, MONTE CARLO

Dancing to HARRY ROY & HIS BAND

RESERVE YOUR TABLE NOW

side, as they do not have to stand the overhead of the cabaret. The snack-bar, on the ground floor, is also a good spot if you are in a real hurry. The very tall chairs, with their red leather backs, look most inviting against the counter and the white-coated barmen.

Romano's

ROMANO'S has the reputation of being the only place from which Luigi himself got the sack. He told me about it himself years ago. He was a young and hungry commis, and one of the guests had left his dinner untasted. So what should be more natural than that Luigi should have a go at it? Alas, he was found out! Romano's looks just the same as it did then, with its Byzantine architecture, the golden conch-shell spreading over the bandstand, the discreetly cosy alcoves, the panorama of the Bosphorus, and the steepest flight of steps down to the wash-basins in the whole of London. Specialities here include a particularly good prawn cocktail, Bortch, made by a Russian chef who does nothing but chateaubriands and crêpes suzette.

The cabarets are usually excellent. I don't know anything about this week's attractions—two Hungarian dancing-girls, and Mitsi, Cotisio and Danilo, who do Apache stuff—but they sound promising. Romano's has a great reputation to maintain. It continues to be suitably Bohemian, and I have never been in the place without seeing at least half-a-dozen lovelies. If you are doing a show at the Adelphi, or any of the neighbouring theatres, it is a delightful change from your other haunts. The Roman may be dead, but he has left his mark.

Seen at Ciro's

A cruel caricature of Aileen Stanley, the cabaret star, who has been delighting audiences at Ciro's, but who, alas! is returning to America

The Café de la Paix

FRANKLY, I have not yet been to the Café de la Paix on Hostess Nights, but I am going to correct the omission. On Wednesdays and Fridays, Lady Charles Cavendish, assisted by Lady Marguerite Bligh, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Betty Williams, and Miss Valerie Lynch are responsible for the social atmosphere. Guests are introduced from one table to another, and everything is as merry as a supper-bell. If you know any of the hostesses you can, I believe, ask them to dance, even if you are not sitting at their tables. Lady Charles Cavendish has been away in Ireland for a fortnight, but I fancy she will be there to-morrow night

Swaebe

At the Café de la Paix

Here is a "Hostesses' Table," with Miss Valerie Lynch and Lady Marguerite Bligh, two of the six Hostesses, sitting at it. With them are Mr. D. E. Robertson and Colonel David Lynch, Miss Valerie Lynch's father

The cabaret this week is provided by Patrick Waddington and Peggy Cochrane, two entertainers who always seem to enjoy their work, which is more than one can say of some. The orchestra is Louis Simmonds' (late of the Embassy Club). It is curious how often that phrase creeps into any disquisition on the subject of restaurants. Altogether, this is a restaurant worth cultivating. It is neither noisy nor dull, and on Wednesdays and Fridays in particular, you will find it full of your friends. Rex Evans is downstairs in the Windsor Grill.

The Marquis de Casa Maury

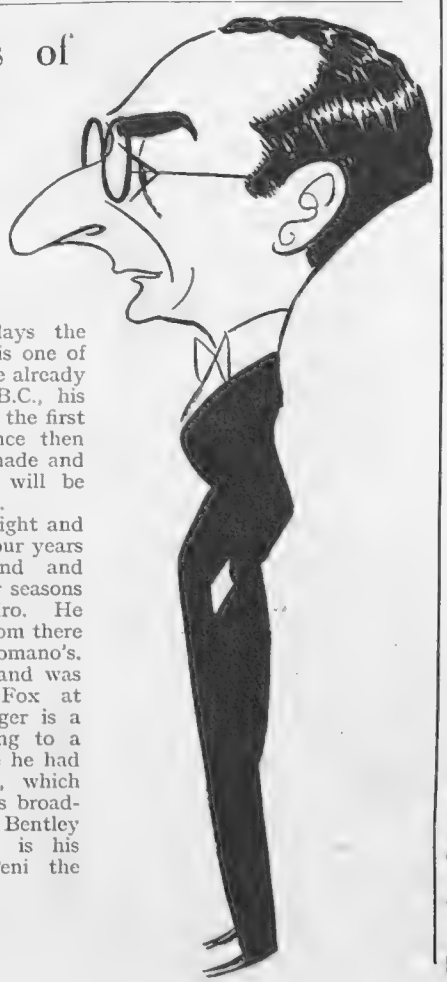
The director of the newest and smartest West End cinema, the Curzon, situated in Curzon Street, which will be opened in grand style on March 6th with the record-breaking Continental film, "Unfinished Symphony . . ."

The Dorchester

THE new crop of Les Girls seems to be doing very nicely, thank you, at the Dorchester. What is more, they are doing it twice nightly now. People who feel it an effort to stay up to 1.15 a.m., which is when the cabaret ends, can now see the bulk of it in an abridged version at ten o'clock, with Mitzi Mayfair, the Diamond Brothers, and Nick Long, Junior. One of the girls has already gone to get married. This is the dark and exotic Joyce Jahnston, who was such a good foil to that blonde six-footer, Jayne Manners. Billie Burns, the sole survivor of the previous show, does a good little number with Helen Day and Ida Michael (known to her friends as "Mike Murphy"). The latter is a room-mate

Dance Bands of the Day

Lou Preager, of Romano's



LOU PREAGER, who plays the piano in his band, is one of the young leaders who have already been engaged by the B.B.C., his band having broadcast for the first time last December. Since then balance-tests have been made and it is expected that they will be heard regularly on the air.

Lou Preager is twenty-eight and toured the Continent for four years with a co-operative band and performed for three winter seasons at Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo. He then went to Ciro's, and from there he has migrated to Romano's. During the summer his band was chosen to replace Roy Fox at the Kit-Cat. Lou Preager is a very keen footballer; owing to a recent accident to his nose he had to undergo an operation, which has temporarily delayed his broadcasting activities. Harry Bentley (the golden-voiced tenor) is his vocalist, and Eugene Peni the violinist.

PJP

- Dancing nightly to Lou Preager's famous Dance Band.
- Cabaret—always the latest and most original Continental turns.
- Cuisine, superb and up-to-the-minute—of course.
- Wines—Ah! for the connoisseur.
- Wednesday night of each week is Gala Night, with extension until 2 a.m. It's great fun.

ROMANO'S

TEMPLE BAR 2911. STRAND, W.C.2.

CIRO'S CLUB

ORANGE STREET, W.C.2 *Tel.: Whitehall 5264 (3 lines)*

CABARET

Week commencing February 19th

Mr. GILLIE POTTER

Gift Night every Thursday

Extension of Licence every Tuesday

MAURICE WINNICK'S CIRO'S CLUB ORCHESTRA

café de la paix
and windsor grill

lunch, dinner, supper

dancing with louis simmonds', late embassy club, band from 9 o'clock

cabaret

le dernier cri de mayfair
99 regent street. regent 2939 & 1393

CHATHAM GRILL
Jermyn Street.

"THERE IS NO BETTER FOOD IN LONDON."

Lunch, Dine, Sup and Dance.

TZIGANI BAND (from 8 p.m.).

EXTENSION—Tuesday. 'Phone: Regent 2371.

Famous Restaurateurs

No. 5. Tibon Mostosi

Tibon Mostosi was born at Donizetti, in Italy, and first started his hotel career in Milan, at the Hotel de Ville. From there he went to the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, and then to the Carlton, London, afterwards to the Adlon Hotel, Berlin, and back to St. Moritz again; but this time to the Carlton Hotel. After which he was at Strasbourg and Bonn. When he came to London it was to the Berkeley Grill, and on leaving there went to the Savoy, where he remained during the reign of four managers. During the war he was in the Italian Alpine Regiment as interpreter for two and a half years. He then went to Ciro's Club, under Luigi, to which he returned a year ago to reorganise it, and from there he went to the Chatham Grill, where he is now.

He is married, with a son who is chief violinist in Mantovani's Tipica Orchestra, at the Monseigneur. He himself is very musical, and can tell you from which grand opera any air comes.

His favourite dish is anything grilled, and English meat. He thinks that the plainer the food the better.

His famous dish at the Chatham Grill is Suprise d'Angeau—a supper dish

At Romano's

Lydia Wilser, well known in Germany, who has been delighting the guests at this restaurant with her dancing

(*Continued from page 357*)

of Helene Marano, who is known as "Scotchie," and seems as gay as the late Gaby Deslys.

The present show is more expensive, better mounted, and is doing even bigger business than the first, so they tell me. There are still coveys of belted Earls to be seen nightly in the restaurant, and it is hard as ever to get a ringside table unless you have booked it well in advance. Sartori, the restaurant-manager, whom some of us know from Monte Carlo, Antibes, as well as from Le Touquet, looks plumper and more prosperous than ever. As for the waiters, their tronc must be reaching delightful heights.

Ciro's

Where is the only Luxemburg waiter in London? The answer is "Ciro's," and his name is Haller. No wonder you get quick service at this club, when they have, besides the two restaurant-managers, fourteen head-waiters, eight wine-butlers, sixteen chefs de rang, eighteen commis, and a carver; not to mention twenty-four cooks, the chef, and eighteen plongeurs. During the past fortnight, Aileen Stanley has been filling the place to the balcony. It is a pity that she was unable to stay longer and sing that song of hers about "the change of a five-dollar bill."

An additional inducement to visit Ciro's on Thursdays is provided by a series of prizes ranging from a case of champagne or half-a-dozen bottles of liqueur brandy to two bottles of champagne or a bottle of ordinary brandy. These are distributed among the members and their guests dining in the restaurant or on the balcony. The Prince of Wales is to be seen very regularly at Ciro's. The other night he was in a large party with one of the Bowes-Lyons. During the evening he danced with Mrs. Dudley Ward and Lady Milbanke.

Golf Clubs at Home

Personalities Pictured by our Photographer at Coombe Hill

(1) Sir Leslie Scott and E. Jacobson, C.B.E. (2) Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt., P. G. Wood (Secretary), and Hedley Leek. (3) H. M. Garland Wells and Derick J. Piggott. (4) F. S. Gentle and C. L. Tucker. (5) R. D. Holland, H. J. Van Druten, and J. Hockley. (6) Major A. J. Michell-Clarke, M.C., and G. B. Hutchings. (7) W. E. Palmer, and J. H. Bishop. (8) Rex Hartley, R. B. Foster, and Dixon Bordman. (9) W. H. Willson and Major J. C. Parsons

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

G. B. Martin
A Stratosphere Bidder

EVENTS of the week under notice included the French "revolution," which had practically no repercussions in the House—as someone said: "We are becoming almost shockproof in the Stock Exchange"—and the visit of the Latvian Ministers. This visit was a sort of inverse of the story of the Russian Army going through England during the war: everyone knew the Ministers had gone through the House, but we hadn't, up to the time of writing, discovered anyone who had actually seen them. Most members were agreed that Ted Cripps escorted them round, but there was some confusion as to whether the visitors were Latvians or Lithuanians. A stranger who tried to get into the House with them might have succeeded had he not spoilt his Latvian (or Lithuanian) disguise by lighting a cigarette; as soon as this was seen, he and his cigarette were put out.

THE continued gold boom has taken us back to the Jungle again; we have been there before on various errands, and George Richardson, Sidney Coppen, and Sidney Norton are some of the members we've had pictures of. This is the first time in the history of this market that members have had something firm to get their teeth into, except for a small and temporary boom before England went back on the gold standard after the war. The first Jungle ventures at the end of last century, when the Ashanti Gold Mine Company was floated, were about thirty-five years ahead of the country in which they had to work, but the developments of the last decade in West Africa and the present high price of gold have combined to allow those who have kept their faith to reap their reward at last.

GEORGE RICHARDSON is the oldest surviving member of the original Jungle; one of his partners, whose picture appears here, is C. G. Matthews. The latter is extremely interested in the history of the market, and has a considerable knowledge of it. He is the inventor of his firm's theme-song: "Where's George?" With C. G. Matthews in the picture is George Deacon—a broker whose associations with the market make him a frequent and welcome visitor. He was for many years in partnership with Edward Meyerstein, who is no longer in the House, but who still takes an active and influential interest in the market. George Deacon is enormously tall—he must be about six-and-a-half feet high—but he goes very unobtrusively about, and has a delightful, quiet manner.

A VERY different manner has G. B. Martin, who is as noisy as can be, in spite of being quite a newcomer. However, it's all for the sake of business, so perhaps his neighbours shouldn't get as annoyed as they do. He is another very tall man, and as someone remarked, often seems to be bidding to the stratosphere.

AND the third Jungle portrait this week is of Edward Samuel, who arrived in the market with the first "exodus," and, having found a comfortable seat, has stayed there ever since.

THE building of the new cloak-rooms at the gilt-edged market end of the House provided members with some pretty material for their special type of wit. These cloak-rooms are in the adjoining Alliance building, and will be reached by means of a new entrance from the House, and a lift. For some time there has been no passage-way through, and members who wished to make use of the new accommodation, which, incidentally, was much needed, have had to go out into the Court, and so into the Alliance building. This is where the jokes came in: why, members asked each other, should they have to take a taxi and go round via the Bank of England before they could wash their hands? Several other entrances to the House have been blocked up temporarily, and one broker nearly went home in despair the first morning the blockage had occurred, having made three unsuccessful attempts to get into the House, before he found a door that was unobstructed. The new cloak-rooms are very handsome—all oak and chromium, in the best West End restaurant style.

C. G. Matthews and George Coutts Deacon
High and Low in the Jungle

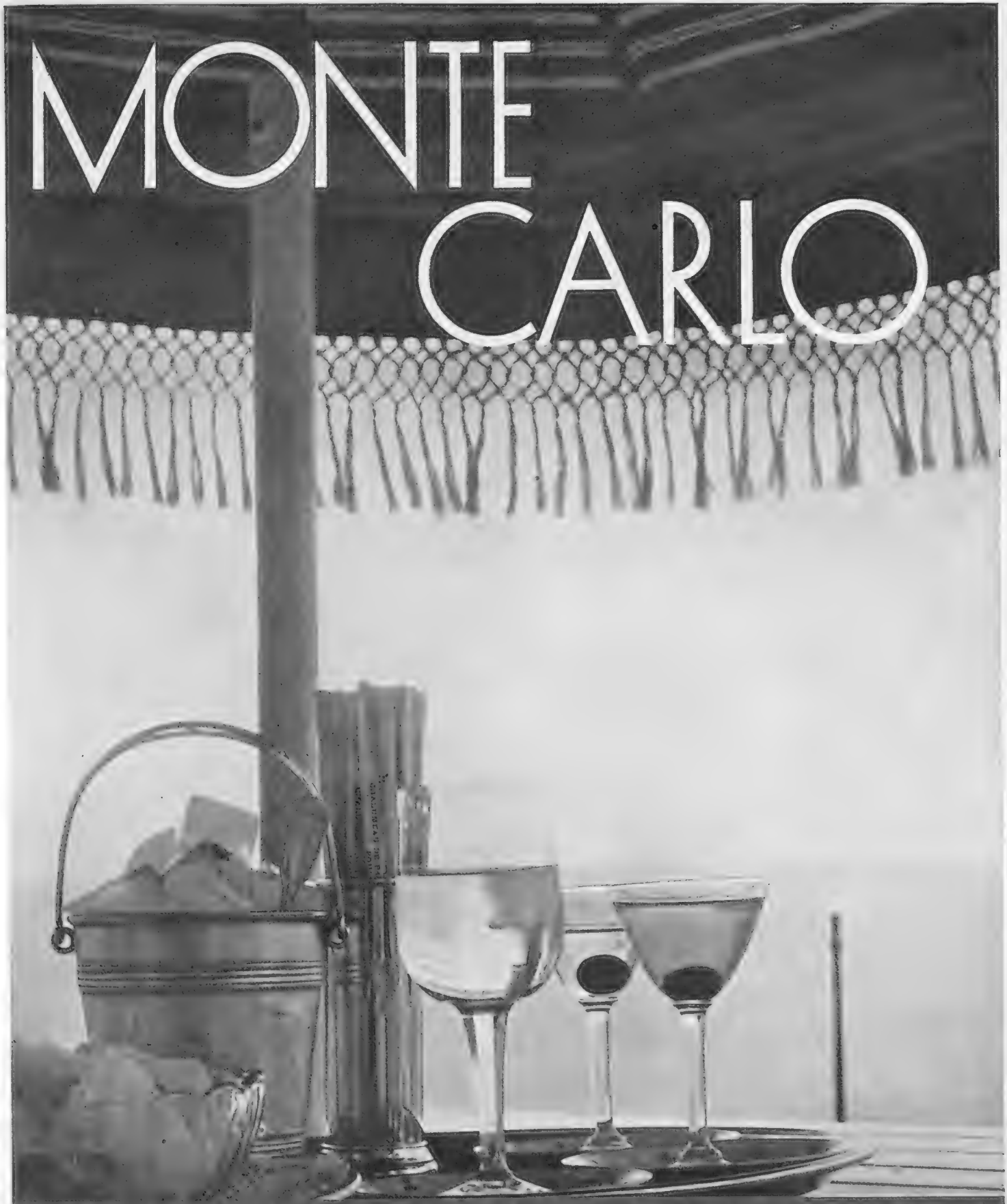
Edward Samuel
Sitting Comfortable

THIS intimate connection between the Stock Exchange and the Alliance Assurance Company marks the beginning of a new phase in the history of the housing of stocks and shares dealers. It is about two hundred years since the sober merchants, with whom, in the Royal Exchange, stockbrokers rubbed shoulders during their working hours, objected to the noise the latter made, and they were asked to leave the Exchange. Times haven't changed much, and the Dirt-Track and American dealers in particular uphold staunchly the ancient tradition of rowdiness.

AFTER a spell in the wilderness of coffee-houses—Jonathan's and Garraway's being the most famous of these—and other people's offices, the brokers established themselves in a building, known as New Jonathan's, on the corner of Threadneedle Street, presumably where Indemnity House now stands. In 1773, a new standard of stability and respectability having been achieved, the place was officially named the Stock Exchange, this title being written up over the door, and sixpence a day was charged for entry. Whether clients, sightseers and casual gamblers could buy their way in for a tanner in those days we don't know, but we feel sure that strangers' sixpences would bring in a nice revenue to-day if jobbers and brokers at work were included among the sights of London.

IN 1801, that great gorgonzola year, the present House was built; this, for over a century, has happily and more or less adequately housed its inmates. And now at last the policies of Gorgonzola Hall have been deemed insufficient, and this new piece of territory in the Alliance Building has been taken under the mandate of the Trustees and Managers.

MONTE CARLO



● "Beyond, the deep blue sea, placid and mute . . . a knock at the door. A smiling waiter—an apéritif, with Monsieur's compliments. Nectar. A queer feeling round the heart. A thrill of the pulse. The fading away of the manacles of depression. The coming of the spirit of Gaiety."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW

and stay at a good hotel from ten shillings a day

Miss Molly Gourlay *Mrs. M. L. Clarke*

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

The L.G.U.'s Peaceful Meeting

Four members of the Ladies' Golf Union, of which Lady Denman is the President, arriving at the annual general meeting at the Park Lane Hotel. The meeting was held on the morning after the L.G.U. Ball

Miss Diana Plumpton *Lady Denman*

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ANYBODY who was looking for a scrap at the Ladies' Golf Union annual meeting must have come away disappointed, for a more peaceable gathering I never did see. In fact, when six of the items on the agenda had been disposed of it was still so early that I had serious thoughts of deserting the Park Lane Hotel for Cruft's. After that, however, things got interesting, though never exciting. Miss Gourlay told us something about the golf in South Africa; Mrs. Dunlop Hill about the National Playing Fields Association; and Lady Reading about the Personal Service League; and so, lo, and behold! it was lunch time, and Cruft's had to wait, after all.

I think it shows a really progressive spirit in the L.G.U. that we should have had those three speeches. Not so very many years ago, I feel sure, it would have been found out of order for Miss Gourlay to give us an account of the team's wonderful time in South Africa: there was no resolution to be put to the meeting about it; it was merely extremely interesting. And then, I do seem also to remember a time when it was said that the L.G.U. existed simply and solely to conduct affairs of golf, and that it was outside their province to discuss charitable deeds. This year it was fully recognised that golfers are, after all, human beings, with a very real concern for other human beings less lucky than themselves. I have an idea that Lady Denman has an amazingly humanising influence wherever she goes, and, of course, she is now President of the L.G.U. It is unfortunate that the National Playing Fields' big week comes just when so many of the south-eastern division counties are busy over their own championships, for that means the loss of a large number of potential sellers for the flag days. But it also coincides with THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, so that if it is possible to hold the usual N.P.F.A. competition in connection with these, I have an idea that competitors there will do something extra special which may make up.

LADY READING stigmatised herself right away as the very worst golfer the world has ever seen. She must surely, though, be one of the world's best beggars. Everybody seemed to leave that meeting hugging a pamphlet about the work the League is doing for the unemployed, and determined to hunt out some clothes or boots or shoes which the League's workers can fashion so cunningly into other garments—even if what they can send should be nothing better than a pair of footless stockings with suspender holes at the top! We were shown what Lady Reading can conjure out of these!

I do most sincerely wish every golf club in the kingdom, men's as well as ladies', would take to heart her admirable suggestion that they should go through the old clothes left in their club-houses and send the whole collection, lock, stock, and barrel, to the P.S.L. If only you could see the grisly collection of shoes and jumpers, coats and hats that lie and hang about in the ladies' dressing-rooms, you would wish for a large bonfire to come and consume them. Some clubs, when their ladies' open meetings entirely overflow the rightful premises, allow an influx into the men's quarters. In these I have seen just the same strange assortment of clothes which no self-respecting member of any club would ever wish to wear again. Then what could be better than to find a home for them with somebody for whom they might make all the difference between going cold, failing to get a job, losing all hope and self-respect? That is where the P.S.L. steps in. If Lady Reading's generous giving of time in coming to that L.G.U. meeting does nothing more than empty a dozen club-houses of the unwanted clothes within their dressing-rooms, she will not have come in vain, and the golfers will owe her quite as much as the unemployed.

EVERYBODY who had come bursting with apprehension and detemination about lightning-storms, and sure that the R. and A. must be withstood, wilted completely after the letter from that body had been read. At least, I must not say "everybody." Miss D. I. Clark, speaking as one of Lancashire's delegates, and not as an L.G.U. councillor, reported how very much her county regretted the Executive's decision, but nobody else opened their mouth on the subject. If there should be a storm when we are trying to qualify at Porthcawl in May, there will be nothing for it but to go on playing—or to retire as gracefully as may be from the whole Championship, trusting that the Committee may consider the storm bad enough for the whole day's play to be declared null and void. Whether Porthcawl would then allow the use of the course for a further day, or what happens, nobody knows.

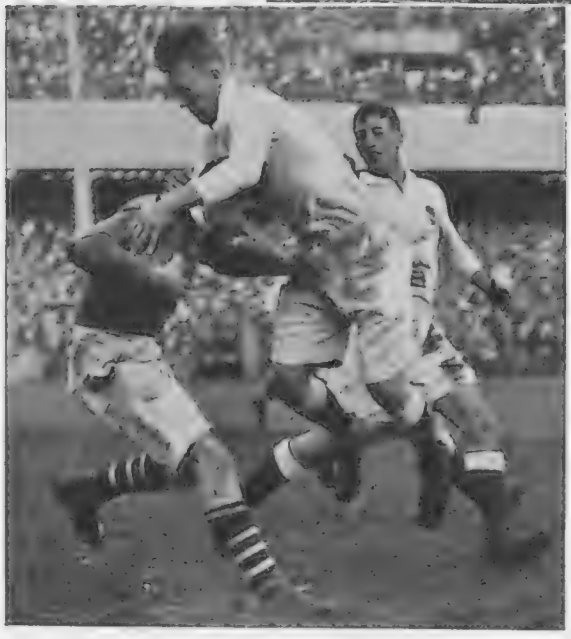
I hear, by the way, from somebody who has just been there, that Porthcawl is going to be a very fine course indeed when Mr. Simpson has worked his will upon it. It is already a very delightful one, just about as near the sea as any, and we shall enjoy ourselves immensely there, I am told.

COUNTY Second Team matches serve a very useful purpose when they take young players out and hurl them into the melting-pot. Even exalted golfers do not disdain them, and it was splendid the other day to see Surrey II. taking the field with Miss Nancy Halsted at their head. Defeating black trousers and earning a bronze medal at Westward Ho! earned her much kudos; she will get that again, no doubt, for Surrey I., but meantime, she is entitled to play for Surrey II., and the experience she will get there can only be to the good. She won her match handsomely against Herts II. at Oxhey, but the whole thing went to the home side, thanks, in part, to the valour of Mrs. Stephens, who struggled all the way to the twenty-third hole to defeat Miss Mary Peech.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The much-criticised English team beat Ireland at Dublin by 13 points to 3 after an awkward opening twenty minutes, during which the home team scored a try. The English forwards exceeded expectations, and they are seen on the right heeling from the scrum to B. C. Gadney, England's Captain and scrum-half. Below: G. W. C. Meikle collars J. J. O'Connor (Ireland) with a flying tackle before H. G. Owen-Smith, at the back, can reach him



England v. Ireland at Dublin

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

International Affairs

NEXT Saturday we pay another flying visit to Edinburgh, for the match between Scotland and Ireland. It should be a cheerful match, with plenty of fur flying, but whether it will produce much good football I rather doubt.

Ireland are not a strong side this year. They have had bad luck, for no country can afford to lose three such thrustful three-quarters as P. B. Coote, S. L. Waide, and E. W. F. de V. Hunt. These players, you will remember, have all been injured, Coote and Waide seriously, and Hunt sufficiently badly to make it unlikely that he will turn out again. This must be particularly discouraging for Ireland, who, at the best of times, have relatively little material at their disposal.

IT always amazes me that Ireland are able to place effective teams in the field, and yet they invariably press the other countries hard, and often enough beat them soundly. Dangerous fellows they are, these Irishmen, especially when the odds appear to be against them. How they went roaring into battle in the English match, ten days ago, for example, and how the crowd yelled and cheered them on! It really did seem possible that England would be shaken out of their superiority, but in the end balance and solidity and the sound English team-work turned the tide.

SOMEHOW, despite my English bias, I was disappointed that afternoon. I think we all have a sympathy for Ireland: certainly I am always glad when their impetuosity and fighting spirit carry them to victory.

They are not a good side this year, though: there's no getting away from that. Their forwards are willing enough, but they were beaten in the tight by the English pack. Their backs are sufficiently adventurous, but lack the real football sense. One discovery they have made: their scrum-half, G. J. Morgan, is a most promising player in the Mark Sugden tradition.

Incidentally, I am beginning to wonder whether Owen-Smith's exploits in the centre for Hampshire are doing his full-back play any good. He was more a centre than a full-back in Dublin, and while he did some brilliant things, he took some unjustifiable risks, and can hardly have given the men in front of him full confidence.

SPEAKING as a mere forward, it seems to me that one of the primary duties of a full-back is to give confidence to the rest of the team. How comforting it is to know, when your opponents have punted ahead or failed to find touch, that your full-back will field the ball and send it flying back to touch with clock-work regularity. No funny stuff—plain, straightforward dependability—that is what we ask of a full-back, and I would rather have the man who made no mistakes, even if he sacrificed brilliance to certainty, than the man who kept you on tenterhooks for the sake of the occasional dashing exploit which set the crowd roaring.

TO my mind, D. Drysdale, of Scotland, was one of the most satisfactory full-backs we have seen since the war, though a very knowledgeable judge of the game argued the other day that H. H. Forsyth was a better player. A nice question, that: what do you think about it? I only know that to play in front of Forsyth was a very happy experience for a forward who had no wish to go tearing back in support of a full-back whose judgment was too often at fault.

TO return to the Irish problem, if the forwards do not scrummage particularly well, individually they are right up to snuff. About the best of them, to my mind, is J. Russell, a grand player, weighing, they tell me, about fifteen stone, fast, strong and continually on the ball.

AND what about Scotland? Their team has not been announced as I write, but I gather there will be some changes. The forwards will be re-shuffled, for one thing, and that is surely necessary. We shall watch this Scottish team with some anxiety, for it now rests with Scotland to prevent England from going through the season unbeaten. On the way home from Dublin, a number of people said forcibly that Scotland would win the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham. One gentleman, who is to be found at every International match, was particularly contemptuous about the England team. His criticisms were directed mainly against A. L. Warr, G. W. C. Meikle and W. Elliot, but I think he was more bitter than reasonable. I have my own ideas about this England team: it is not a great team, but it will do. It does at least bring home the bacon.

AND now to a subject of more general interest—the much-discussed resumption of relations between the four home unions and France. Throughout the season rumours have been flying around, but all of them have proved to be unfounded. They are, I have reason to believe, inspired rumours, and the latest one, to the effect that the home unions have reached a definite decision, is untrue.

The home unions have met informally, and are prepared to hear the French case. Unless anything most unforeseen occurs, however, there will be no official pronouncement until the International Board hold their annual meeting on the eve of the Calcutta Cup match. And, judging purely from extraneous signs, I am prepared to wager that relations will not yet be resumed.

Personally, in this matter I am an out-and-out isolationist. I cannot see why the home unions should embroil themselves again in the European Rugby situation. There is now a European Rugby Federation, and if, let us suppose, Italy wins the Championship of Europe, it might well be a little difficult for England to refuse to meet Italy. We have more than enough representative football as it is, and the club game recedes further into the background every year. Let us leave the Frenchmen to look after themselves, and continue to enjoy our game without running the risk of further complications.

Small only in relation to the "40-50," the 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce must be classed as a large and commodious car. This saloon body is very roomy, and the same chassis can take, with ease, seven-seater coach-work if the purchaser so desires

Cars with a Personality

The 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE name of Rolls-Royce is, I suppose, still mainly connected in the public mind with the famous 40-50-h.p. car. This is natural enough; yet it would be a pity if the impression were gained that the 25-h.p. model is in any way in the position of a "second string." I venture to say that, within its own class, the smaller car is just as remarkable a proposition as the larger one.

Let us consider its performance. With little more than half its "elder brother's" horse-power, the "Twenty-five" can accommodate five passengers (seven, if limousine coachwork is fitted), with absolute comfort. It can reach 60 m.p.h. in third, and 75 m.p.h. in top gear. Its acceleration is good, and its flexibility remarkable.

As to the quality of the engine, I can hardly do better than quote from my own preliminary notes—"very much the R.-R." In other words, it is exceptionally smooth and quiet, being as inconspicuous and effortless at the higher speeds as it is when the car is merely cruising.

For the owner-driver, this smaller Rolls-Royce is delightful to handle. Gear-changing worries are abolished by the new synchro-mesh gear-box, and all controls are light and precise in action. The steering is admirable, being self-centring and markedly definite at all speeds. The brakes are exceedingly smooth—so much so, in fact, as almost to distract attention from their very considerable retarding power.

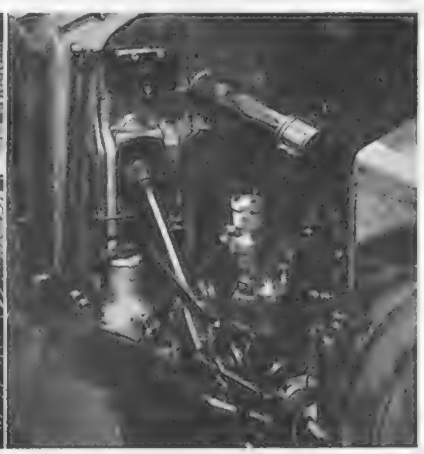
As for the springing, a truly remarkable degree of riding comfort has been achieved. I was informed that the particular car loaned to me was considered a trifle on the "hard" side; but, to my way of thinking, it seemed almost ideally sprung There was no trace of road shocks at the lower speeds, while the steadiness of the car when travelling fast over rough surfaces was something of a revelation.

On some of the fouler sections of the Colnbrook by-pass, I reached and maintained speeds of 60 and even 70 m.p.h., without at any time suffering the slightest discomfort. Anyone familiar with this stretch of road, from the humped bridge westward, will appreciate that this is high praise!

The back seat is genuinely luxurious. The central arm-rest being a most convenient feature. When the arm-rest is raised, it leaves ample space for three passengers to sit comfortably abreast

The driving position is excellently planned, with all controls well placed. The "25" is a motor-car calculated to appeal strongly to the owner-driver

Right-hand control, owing to the well-arranged gear- and brake-levers, does not obstruct the off-side door. The adjustable elbow-rest, a very real convenience in driving, should be noted



The engine is of real Rolls-Royce quality, being exceptionally smooth and silent, even at the highest speeds. The large cylindrical object is an effective air-silencer

As to the saloon body, I found this to be really luxurious. I do not refer merely to the many ingenious and useful fittings—a lavish equipment can be compiled easily enough—but rather to the essential comfort provided for both front- and back-seat passengers. The driving position, for instance, is quite above reproach, and is a feature which the long-distance driver will never cease to appreciate. My one and only criticism must be directed at the windscreen, which is not built to open. Once "in a blue moon," this might prove an annoying deficiency.

The complete car costs £1555, which, admittedly, is quite a lot of money. On the other hand, I have never yet heard anyone regret having invested in a Rolls-Royce—and it is safe to say that the new 25-h.p. model is at least as good value for money as any car which the famous Derby factory has yet produced.

The Twelve Sports Coupé

WITH this new Twelve Sports Coupé Armstrong Siddeley has brought the quality and individuality of its most costly models into the light car class. . . . . Its perfect symmetry of form embraces features of really practical value. Note, for instance, the uninterrupted expanse of window and slender windscreen pillars, ensuring maximum visibility from all seats. Study the flowing curve of the back panel which conceals a space for luggage and remember that though the car looks low there's ample headroom and no need for wells behind.

The car's performance is as appealing as its appearance. The combination is almost irresistible. Try it for yourself.

Sports Saloon . . £285
Coachbuilt Saloon £300
(ex works)

ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY
TWELVE

Please write for illustrated catalogue "TB. 414"

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY
London: 10, Old Bond St., W.1 Manchester: 35, King St. West

BP414A

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Walker Cup Team

As I expected, I have had a number of communications about my article of some weeks ago, wherein I selected a team to represent us in this year's Walker Cup Match. Some of these communications have been rude; others flattering. On the whole, I must admit that those which were rude predominate; however, I am glad to say that there is no question in anybody's mind as to four of those who should represent us, and a good deal of unanimity about the fifth.

I notice this year that interest in the Walker Cup Match seems to have reached greater dimensions than is normally the case so long before the event is due to take place; not only among writers for the Press—devoid, at this time of year, of interesting material with which to entertain their readers—but also among those who play the game throughout the country. One remarkable fact emerges from my arguments, both written and verbal, with various people on the subject. It is that there is, apparently, a growing desire on the part of those who are interested, not to have a playing captain in the side this year. A very large number of people seem to want a non-playing captain to be appointed—a man who will act as a sort of Mussolini to the side, exhort and encourage each individual member, decide on the order of the singles, and on who will play with whom in the foursomes. I gather that one of the chief reasons for this desire on the part of the golfing public is that we are likely to be represented by a good many very young men this year, and that they will probably do better if they are under the eagle eye of a man whom they will respect, and who is considerably senior to all of them.

The sort of man who should represent us is obviously one who must be able to rise to the occasion; and there is no doubt that it does help, when accomplishing this difficult performance, if the person for whom you are, so to speak, playing, is there to see you do it. When first suggested to me, the idea of a non-playing captain did not really very much appeal, but now I am not at all sure that I am not a convert to it. The cares of captaincy have frequently interfered with the individual performance of the man chosen for this eminent position, and at least that handicap could be done away with. I am not sure that I do not consider the idea a very good one indeed.

But to revert to the members of the side themselves, because, after all, we are each of us tremendously interested in the personnel of this team, which is, we hope, and almost dare to believe, this year to win the match for the first time. The four members of my previous side whose selection meets with uniform approval are: Cyril Tolley, T. A. Torrance, J. McLean, and T. A. Bourn. The fifth, about whom people are a little doubtful, is Henry Howell, but I have opposition to my selection of Michael Scott, J. B. Beck, and Sam McKinley. I am told that I cannot possibly leave out Eric Fiddian, and I must say that I am inclined to agree with this criticism, because it is so completely unanimous. I am coming to the conclusion that Fiddian is considered by other golfers to be one of the very finest playing in the country at the moment, and I bow happily to the unanimous opinion so forcibly expressed.

Another man whom a great many people say should play is H. G. Bentley. I know very well that Bentley is extraordinarily good, although I myself doubt whether he is any better than two at least of the people I chose. However, with the number of people who say that he should play, he must have very strong claims.

Then comes the most interesting suggestion—and this has come from quite a lot of my honorary advisers. They say that although Roger Wethered might not be considered to play if the Walker Cup Match were to be held on any other course, yet, as it is to be played at St. Andrews, his presence in the side is essential. They quote in support of this view that Wethered's record at St. Andrews is as good as, if not better than, any other amateur in the country; that no matter how badly he may be playing at the moment, something about the atmosphere of St. Andrews always makes him rise to great heights—those heights of which we all know he is sometimes capable. And there is no doubt about it, of course, that the greens of St. Andrews—always difficult greens on which to putt well—give him good scope for his consistently excellent work with the putter. Personally, I had not thought of Roger Wethered as a possible before these remarks were made to me, but I do realise that there is a great deal of truth in the contention that at St. Andrews he is a totally different individual as compared with anywhere else. There is much wisdom in that old saying which has something to do with "horses for courses." Even in my own case, I know that there are certain places where I always play better than I do elsewhere; and, of course, there is no doubt that Roger Wethered is a great man for the big occasion. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how he could be selected, in view of his uninspiring performances during the last couple of years in the various important events in which he has competed. Perhaps, however, not only should he be very seriously considered, but actually he should be chosen for the team.

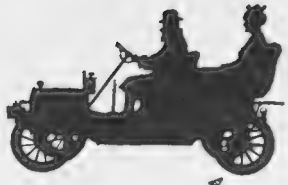
Finally, there is a most intriguing suggestion, and that is that Lionel Munn should play. Munn's quite boyish enthusiasm for the game, which has returned to him since he took it up again after a long interval, has resulted in many very fine performances, not only on his home course, but also in open events throughout the country. He is, in fact, nearly as good now as he ever was; and, of course, before the war he would have been an automatic choice for such an important event; and, although I doubt whether he could still win an Amateur Championship (nothing would please me more than to be proved wrong), yet the two days' golf of the Walker Cup Match should not be beyond him. I am inclined to agree with this suggestion, and therefore my amended team, bowing to the force of the gale which my critics have created, is as follows: C. J. H. Tolley, T. A. Torrance, J. McLean, T. A. Bourn, E. Fiddian, Henry Howell, R. H. Wethered, and L. O. Munn. I reserve the right, however, of suddenly substituting either Bentley, S. McKinley, or J. B. Beck for any of these who may lose their form about the time of the match.

Cambridge University beat Royal Mid-Surrey at Richmond

S. F. Lyon (Cambridge University) takes another kind of shot

Clive Castle (Royal Mid-Surrey), Sir Shirley Worthington Evans (Royal Mid-Surrey), R. I. Beck (Cambridge University), and F. Ellis (Cambridge University)

D. A. Drayson (Royal Mid-Surrey) and R. S. Mays Smith (Royal Mid-Surrey)

It progressed from  *to* *—but why stop there?*

AERO-LINE DESIGN WILL REVOLUTIONISE PERFORMANCE

re-selectagear

is a form of transmission exclusive to Riley Cars, and is a combination of an automatic clutch and a pre-selective four-speed epicyclic gear-box. No other form of transmission offers so many advantages or is so acceptable to both novice or expert.

Motor cars started life as "horseless carriages"; the horse-and-cart complex has literally held them back ever since. Here, for the first time, is a specialised, homogeneous design based on aero-dynamic principles and true streamlined form. Here is the first *aero-line* car in regular production—the Riley Kestrel!

Not only is wind resistance reduced to a minimum and appearance enhanced to its maximum, but aero-line design, plus Riley inter-axle seating, eliminates sway, jolting and improves road-holding and cornering to an astonishing degree.

If you want your car still to be modern in, say, two years' time, the Riley Kestrel is the ONLY car to buy now, and the only car of its type you CAN buy now.

The 9 h.p. Kestrel from £325. The 12 h.p. Kestrel from £358. The 14 h.p. Kestrel from £385. A ten-model range. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres standard. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry, and 42 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

KESTREL

First British *aero-lined* car in regular production

The Airway Becomes the Highway : By Charles Ward

The British air-express arrives. This is the de Havilland super-Dragon, with four of the latest Gipsy VI. engines, giving it a top speed of 170 miles an hour. Two of this type have been ordered by Imperial Airways for service abroad. It is the smallest liner with "four-engined safety" yet built, and will be most economical to buy and maintain

A Boom in Flying

PREPARATIONS for new air lines to link up all the important towns in the country are being rapidly completed. The air-ferries which have been such a success, Bristol—Cardiff, Hull—Grimsby, Portsmouth—Isle of Wight, will be increased in frequency. Services from London to the Channel Islands, from Glasgow to Belfast, from the north of Scotland to the Shetland Islands, are now in operation. Seasonal lines to health resorts and the coast will be resumed, such as Heston to the Isle of Wight, London to Margate and Clacton, Liverpool to the Isle of Man and Ireland. The Royal Dutch Air Lines will commence its service across the North Sea from Hull to Amsterdam, with a connection at the English end to Liverpool. Banco will run a frequent service to Le Touquet, probably in association, and not in competition, with Imperial Airways, whose Paris liners stop there at week-ends during the summer. Continental air travel will be easier and cheaper than ever before, with connections from London to nearly 200 cities, half of which can be reached in a day's flight. The British air route to the East will be flown the whole distance, Lyons and Marseilles being added to the stopping-places, with Rome or Naples before Brindisi or Corfu. New air liners built by de Havilland's, Airspeed and Boulton and Paul are making possible the extension of services at home and feeder-lines abroad.

Empire Air Day

AIR-COMMODORE CHAMIER, who runs the Air League, has suggested that Empire Day should be Aviation Day throughout the country, and this brain-wave has been welcomed by the light aeroplane clubs and by the Air Ministry, who will co-operate with the League. All aerodromes, both civil and Service, with the possible exception of experimental stations, will be thrown open to the public. There will be an opportunity of seeing the Royal Air Force at close quarters, the idea being similar to that of Navy Week, when the taxpayer is allowed to inspect his own battle-ships. The Annual Garden Party organised by the Guild of Air Pilots is the first important event of the season; the date is May 21st, but the aerodrome has not yet been chosen. The Brooklands Air Display is on June 2nd, the London Club's Garden Party on the following day, and the Royal Air Force Display is at Hendon on June 30th. The race for the King's Cup will be flown from Hatfield on July 13th and 14th, and until October 20th, when the International speed race to Melbourne is timed to start, there are fixtures of interest to the general public and the air-conscious every week.

American Aviation Losing Revs.

IF Roosevelt's decree, cancelling the present air-mail contracts, and ordering the Army to fly the post, is supported by Congress, American aviation is likely to suffer a decline from its pinnacle. It is particularly unfortunate that operators and manufacturers should be inter-connected, financially, for a loss of contracts by the former will react unfavourably on the latter. The honour to make the first entry for the England-Australia race, has fallen to Aircraft Exchange and Mart, concessionaires for Airspeed products. A standard "Cheetah" Courier will be flown in the handicap section, the machine not being fast enough to win the speed prize. I hear that Flight-Lt. R. C. Preston has been appointed pilot to the Duchess of Bedford, who has two machines, a Gipsy and a Puss Moth, both of which get plenty of flying. The Duchess takes particular pride in the appearance of her machines, which have won several prizes at Concours d'Elégance.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen Spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

January Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. T. R. Bottomley	Huddersfield	86	14	72	77	5 below
Mrs Brown	Sale	85	14	71	73	2 "
Miss B. Arrowsmith	Worsley	89	17	72	74	2 "
Mrs. S. Hughe	Camberley Heath	86	12	74	75	1 "
Miss A. Copela d	Beverley	84	12	71	72	1 "
Mrs. M. A. Withers	Sandwell Park	87	15	72	73	1 "
Miss A. Reynolds	Sale	91	18	73	73	equal
Miss M. Fenwick	Sherwood Forest	94	18	76	76	"
Miss O. M. Bower	Warrington	85	9	76	75	1 above
Miss N. Williams	Coxmoor	83	12	73	72	1 "
Miss Sutherland	Hockley	87	14	73	72	1 "
Mrs. M. Brunyee	Belton Park	89	14	75	74	1 "
Mrs. Alan Harvey	North Hants	91	15	76	75	1 "
Miss J. Weichman	Hindley	90	17	73	72	1 "
Miss Monica Ratcliffe	Mullion	84	11	73	71	2 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. B. C. Owers	Calcutta	99	33	66	73	7 below
Miss W. Merchant	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	101	34	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Frank Boyden	Calcutta	93	25	68	73	5 "
Mrs. M. D. Cranshaw	Marple	105	16	69	74	5 below
Miss Woolley	Cowes	103	36	67	72	5 "
Mrs. R. F Gandy	Belton Park	98	27	71	74	3 "
Miss M. Harrison	Wallasey	103	30	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Gadd	Wallasey	107	34	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Yates	Sale	93	21	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Whittaker	Worsley	98	25	73	74	1 "
Mrs. Gilder	Shirley Park	109	35	74	75	1 "
Mrs. J. C. Barke	Coxmoor	91	19	72	72	equal
Miss Joan Sansom	Tamworth	99	25	74	73	1 above
Miss V. Everett	North Hants	96	19	77	75	2 "
Mrs. Marsden Roberts	Hockley	96	21	75	72	3 "

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

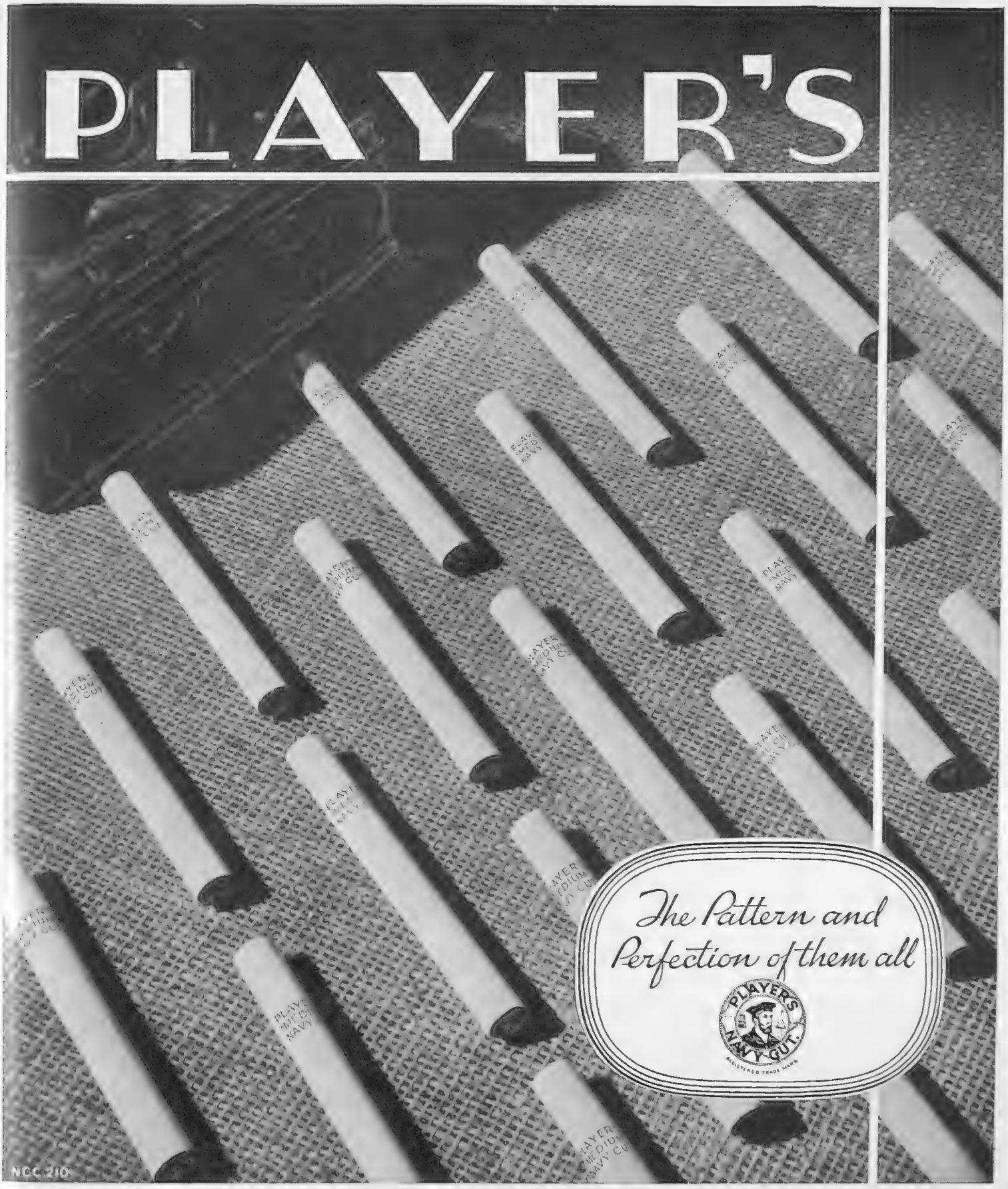
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 50 FOR 2'5 100 FOR 4'8

The Editor's Box

The Star and the Car

Lili Damita photographed in her new 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce Sedanca, which was supplied to her by Jack Barclay, Ltd., Hanover Square, W.1. Lili Damita is appearing with George Robey in "Here's How!" which has been running at Manchester, and opens in London on Thursday

When Wood is Good

There are certain types of buildings for which timber is still the most suitable material. Timber buildings have, further, the advantages of being inexpensive and quickly erected, and they can be occupied immediately. The new Browne and Lilly, Ltd., catalogue shows how many varieties of well-constructed buildings can be produced in timber. In this 112-page book, which is fully illustrated, are pictures of bungalows, "open-air" chalets, garden sheds, pavilions, village halls, and innumerable others, all built of timber throughout. This book can be obtained free by those who are interested on application to Browne and Lilly, Ltd., Thames Side, Reading, Berks.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy: 1934

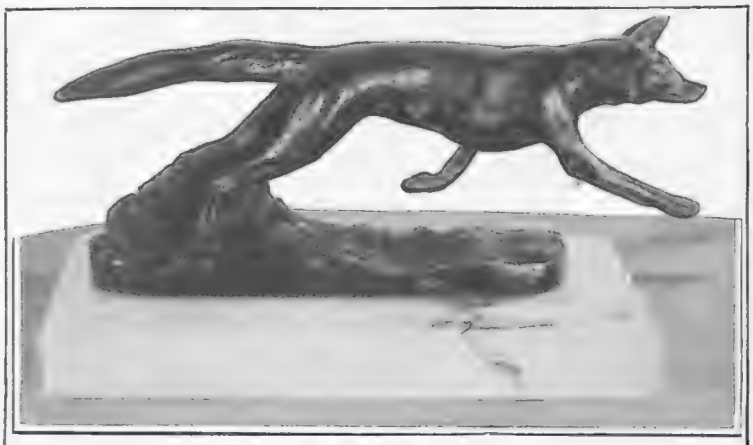
Holder: L. B. SANDERSON (Nairn)

The date of "The Bystander's" Open Meeting under Handicap has been definitely fixed for

April 7th and 8th.

Full particulars will be announced next week.

Captain H. V. Rose, Miss Phyllis Taylor, Captain J. R. Bowring, M.C., and Mr. L. A. Johnson, visitors to Obergurgel, Ötztal (Tyrol)



"CHARLES"

Bronze by
T. IVESTER LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price **6½ gns.**; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at the Sporting Gallery, where an extensive display of the work of many artists can be seen.

Recent pictures by Lionel Edwards, R.I., and other Sporting Artists are always on view.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

If it's GOOD SPORT you'll see it in The

SPORTING

AND DRAMATIC NEWS

Every Friday—from all Booksellers & Newsagents

ONE SHILLING

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. February 20, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

A WOMAN'S position depends on her distinction, whilst her taste is judged by the clothes she wears. The reputation of Marshall & Snelgrove has ever been founded on these two qualities . . . . taste and distinction.

YOUTHFUL FROCKS

in gay Spring Styles at Inexpensive Prices . . .

NO wonder that more and more women are making a habit of choosing their frocks in the Inexpensive Gown Salon at Marshall and Snelgrove's. The styles are extremely distinctive, and the prices are *so* inexpensive.

MARSHALL'S are noted for Gowns, and the departments now abound with delightful creations, all destined for a smart Spring Season.

"GLAMOUR."

Smart Washing Frock, with attractive hand-embroidered yoke in the new silk Ilota material. Sizes: 38, 40, and 42. Colours: white, sky, and green. Price 75/-

Sent on Approval.

"CAPRICIOUS."

Attractive printed cotton frock cut with semi-flared skirt, and shoulder strap yoke giving modified sunback, detachable cape to cover same. Various prints and coloured pique stripes. 38, 40, 42, 43. Price 35/-

Sent on Approval.

INEXPENSIVE GOWNS

First Floor.

Marshall & Snelgrove

OXFORD STREET

LONDON · W·1

SCOTTS LTD.

1 Old Bond Street

Trying on a Spring "sailor" in Scotts' new salon. The hat is of navy blue straw with pale primrose ribbon **£2 10 0**

Dorothy Wilding

AND so it goes on. Another new wing—every bedroom with a bathroom, naturally. More dining room, more gymnasium, another sun lounge....bigger and brighter and better than even the Palace you knew, say, a year ago. Steal a week from Spring. Cheat the lingering Winter in the exhilarating mildness of the Devon Coast. Leave your greatcoat on its hook and bring a tennis racquet. Book for a day or so, but pack for a month. You'll stay on in spite of yourself. Everything—from squash racquets to talkie pictures—included in the terms.

Palace Hotel Torquay

BRITAIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GUEST HOUSE

A NEW PICTORIAL RECORD OF

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

The following Operas are portrayed in the work—32 pages of NEW pictures:

THE GONDOLIERS
RUDDIGORE
IOLANTHE
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
THE MIKADO
PRINCESS IDA
H.M.S. PINAFORE
PATIENCE
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD
TRIAL BY JURY
COX AND BOX
THE SORCERER

A Remarkable Shillingsworth

YOU MUST GET IT

To order from your Newsagent, or

BY POST

1/3

1/- for Book.
3d. for Packing & Post.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

Produced entirely in Photogravure, and published by The Sphere, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, this pictorial record contains over seventy photographs of scenes in the various Operas. Order your copy now—the edition is limited.

Readers of

THE SPHERE

are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

HARVEY NICHOLS

Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

Leading Fashion Specialists

THIS Spring Coat is made distinctive by means of an unusual one-sided scarf and revers edged with Ermine, Beige or Brown, with fur to tone, or black/white, navy/white. S.W. and W.

10½ Gns.

O.S. 1 Gn. extra.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD. - - - KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elizabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—The first Vic-Wells presentation of Wilde's comedy, with Charles Laughton as Dr. Chasuble: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred, and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING, 1600.—The story of Emlyn Williams's Elizabethan play is too slight, but the atmosphere and decorations are delightful; so is the acting of Joyce Bland, Ian Hunter, Isabel Jeans and the rest: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUCCESS STORY.—Jeanne de Casalis, Beatrix Lehmann, and Esmé Percy in an American "big business" play: Cambridge, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30

WITHIN THE GATES.—Sean O'Casey's new play: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—The new Coward Regency play, with Yvonne Printemps as a French refugee; Noel Coward as M. le Duc, her protector; Irene Browne and Heather Thatcher, and some fifty more: His Majesty's, 8.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

L'OISEAU BLEU.—An international revue; many of the players are from the Imperial Theatre, Moscow: Duke of York's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them

KEITH PROWSE

Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.

159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

MR. WHITTINGTON.—A patchy but occasionally wildly amusing musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What 's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUITTER.—An American gangster play, with Eve Gray as the heroine: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The second play of the Shakespearean season: Alhambra, to-night, 8.15.

THE QUEEN WHO KEPT HER HEAD.—Laura Cowie as Katherine Parr, Raymond Lovell as Henry VIII., April Vivien as Princess Elizabeth in one more Henry VIII. play: Kingsway, to-night.

YOURS SINCERELY.—Rita John's revue; with Binnie Barnes, Viola Tree, Louise Browne, and the Caryll and Munday pair: Daly's, to-night.

THE BIG HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen and Alison Leggatt in Lennox Robinson's play about a house in Ireland in the "troubles": Playhouse, February 21st.

HERE 's HOW.—In George Robey's new revue, he has Lili Damita as his opposite number: Saville, February 22nd, 8.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Thea Holme and Alan Napier in Naomi Royde-Smith's play (originally called "Lilla") about the innocent co-respondent's part in a divorce: Westminster, February 22nd.

OPERA AND BALLET

BALLETS JOOSS.—The programme of this company's second season in London includes a new ballet, "Sept Chasseurs," as well as "La Table Verte" and other previous successes: Gaiety, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.45.

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

ANNA AND ELIZABETH.—Hertha Thiele and Dorothea Wieck, of "Mädchen in Uniform" fame, in a beautifully photographed film: Cinema House.

THE BLUE LIGHT.—Leni Riefenstahl's lovely and romantic film of the Tyrol is showing again: Rialto.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the Czar, in another English film of history on the grand scale; Paul Czinner directed: Leicester Square.

DUCK SOUP.—The four Marx Brothers in one of their amazing, nonsensical riots: Carlton.

LIEBELEI.—Magda Schneider and Wolfgang Liebeneimer in Arthur Schnitzler's Old-Vienna romantic tragedy: Academy.

LITTLE WOMEN.—Katharine Hepburn in the film version of Louisa M. Alcott's book; all America sobbed over it: Regal.

MUSIC

Orchestral

ELIJAH.—A spectacular presentation in eight scenes, with 1000 performers, conducted by Albert Coates: Royal Albert Hall, twice daily, to February 24th.

B.B.C.—Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2; Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; and Busoni's Concerto in C are conducted by Adrian Boult; with Egon Petri as soloist: Queen's Hall, February 21st, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the L.P.O.; Schnabel plays Brahms's B flat Concerto: Queen's Hall, February 22nd, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.—The L.P.O. play Delius's "Paris" and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; Heifetz plays Tchaikowsky's D major Concerto; Beecham conducts: Queen's Hall, February 25th, 3.15.

Recitals

MURRAY LAMBERT.—Violin recital of contemporary music: Wigmore Hall, February 21st, 8.15.

WALTER WIDDOP.—Sings classical and modern songs: Wigmore Hall, February 23rd, 8.30.

EGON PETRI.—Piano recital, with a Mozart-Bach-Beethoven-Brahms programme: Grotrian Hall, February 24th, 3.15.

BUSCH CONCERTS.—Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin in a sonata programme: Wigmore Hall, February 24th, 3. The Busch Quartette in a Beethoven programme: same hall, February 26th, 8.30.

STRAVINSKY AND DUSHKIN.—Their programme includes Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat": Queen's Hall, February 27th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Café de Paris Girls dance at ten and midnight; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Chase, straight from the Surf Club, New York, sings songs and plays the piano; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Once again those super-"cads," the Western Brothers, sing their public-school songs; Van Straten's band plays for dancing; extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Frances Williams, the American stage and screen star, entertains attractively; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—Nane Carty, the singer and harpist, entertains, and so do the Hintoni Brothers: extension night, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House.

MARLBOROUGH LOAN EXHIBITION: Chesterfield House.

"PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES."—Loan exhibition: 25, Park Lane.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.—Olympia.

SHIRE HORSE SHOW: Agricultural Hall, February 20th—22nd.

have you seen . . .

corot's spring collection?

corot showrooms are now a rendezvous for the woman who wishes to be well informed of the trends of fashion for this season . . . and you'll appreciate the wisdom of a visit when you've seen the new collection yourself.

here can be seen examples of all that has been decreed newest . . . the three-quarter coat that's seen with practically every ensemble; the tunic style that's so universally becoming; latest methods of treating shoulders and necklines and sleeves; the "wind-blown" effect of evening gowns . . . and many other new and exciting fashion details.

or if you'd prefer it, **corot will be delighted** upon receipt of the coupon below, **to forward a copy of the spring fashion guide,** and all particulars of the extended credit service too

corot

(dept. b.s.374).

33, old bond street, london w.1 regent, 0234

post this coupon to corot to-day

free please send latest corot fashion guide of new spring models and full particulars.

name.....

address.....

b.s. 374.

"so snappy"
a coat that's as slim in line as any frock is adorned by a huge bow, embroidered in wool.
6½ gns.

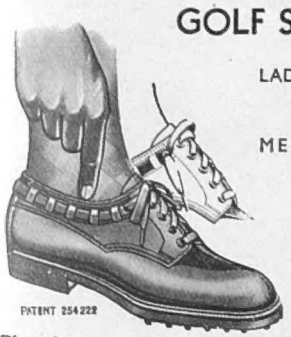
"who's who"
stuffed rouleaux indicate the high lights of shoulders, revers and cuffs on this trim "knob" woollen suit.
4½ gns.

"as it should be"
rolled leather buttons emphasise the one-sided fastening of a tunic frock in two-tone lainage.
5 gns.

Guaranteed absolutely waterproof

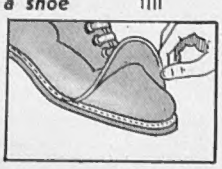
COTTON-OXFORD
DOUBLE UPPER VELDTSCHOEN
GOLF SHOES

LADIES' SIZES
35/-
MEN'S SIZES
42/-



The shoe within a shoe

This diagram shows the principle of "a shoe within a shoe" and how the outer upper is carried over the sole, seals the welt where the inner upper meets it, and is secured to upper edge of sole and heel seat by stout waxed cord.



SOLD BY CLUB PROFESSIONALS, SPORTS OUTFITTERS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY the makers will send your size on approval on receipt of cash . . or (if you prefer) an odd shoe will be sent post free without remittance.

• The makers would also be pleased to send a fully illustrated 28 page booklet on request.

Cotton-Oxford Shoemakers • Leicester

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

LIMITED

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Paid-up Capital - - -	**£9,479,416**
Reserve Fund - - -	**8,000,000**
Deposits, etc. (Dec., 1933)	**289,254,151**

Chairman:
COLIN F. CAMPBELL.

Deputy Chairmen:
FRANCIS ALEXANDER JOHNSTON Sir ALFRED E. LEWIS, K.B.E.

Chief General Manager:
ERNEST CORNWALL.

Joint General Managers:
F. WALLER, W. HADWICK, R. NORMAN SMITH, L. W. STEAD.

All Classes of Banking Business transacted.

Head Office: 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.
Over 1,350 Offices. Agents Everywhere.

Affiliated Banks:
COUTTS & CO. GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

Lovely
Coiffures

There is an art in the creation of lovely coiffures such as these . . . in expressing the mode of the moment through transformation postiches and toupets cunningly contrived. Both young and old are catered for by our experienced artists, are suited exactly with charming creations of pure natural hair that is indistinguishable from their own. Let us give to your hair the touches that keep it in line with the latest hair-dressing fashions. Call at our West End Salon and consult our Manageress to-day, or write for illustrated brochure (B).

Transformations from £2 10 9 to £6 6 0
Woodville Transformations from £3 3 0 to £6 6 0
Switches of pure human hair from 5/9 (16 inches) to 37/9 (28 inches).
Chignons and Swathes from 10/9

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.
80/84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, London, S.E.
West End Salon: 1, Berners St., Oxford St., W.1
'Phone: Museum 3128.

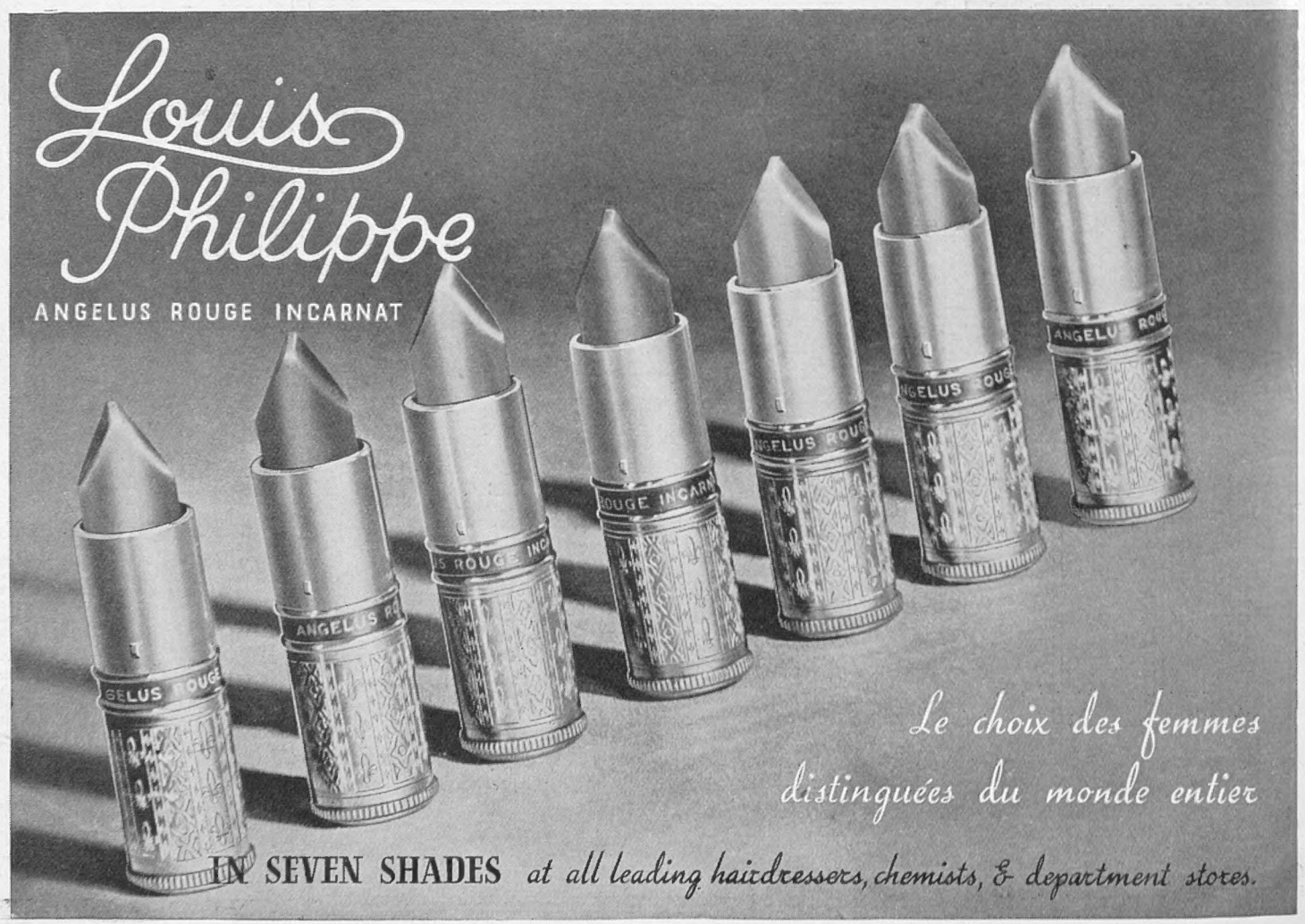
the curzon cinema

mayfair

presents

"unfinished symphony . . ."

from 6th march



Hoarse?

You need

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist Stocks Them

4d. per oz.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

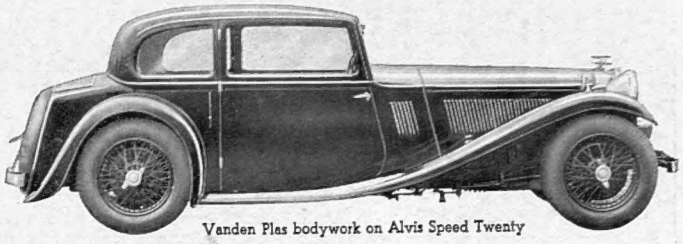
To avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink this NATURAL Mineral Water which is world-famous for its health-giving properties and is a recognised defence against this most distressing malady of mankind.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE RD., LONDON, S.E.1.



Vanden Plas bodywork on Alvis Speed Twenty

Why fit "FLOAT-ON-AIR"?

An easily answered question. "Float-on-Air" pneumatic upholstery gives to any make of car, comfort more luxurious than you have ever known, more luxurious than you had ever hoped for. The weight of the user is gently supported with equal pressure at every point by a cushion of air which moulds itself to the shape of the user and completely absorbs all shocks and vibration.

The better body builders find "Float-on-Air" the only upholstery which gives the final stamp of luxury to their productions. Messrs. Vanden Plas have used "Float-on-Air" in the bodywork of this Alvis Speed Twenty.

Insist on your new car being fitted with "Float-on-Air" or convert to comfort the upholstery of your present car.

LOW COST OF CONVERSION

EACH SEAT CUSHION	Front	Rear
Austin 10	28/6	58/6
Morris 10 (all models)	31/-	58/6
Ford 8	28/6	58/6
Hillman (Minx)	28/6	67/-
Standard (9 & 10)	28/6	67/-
Vauxhall (light 6)	28/6	67/-
Daimler 15	33/6	67/-

Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat.

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD · ARDWICK · MANCHESTER 12

To get the best out of

TRAVEL

USE

DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.

81, PICCADILLY, W.1.

And BRANCHES. *'Phone: Grosvenor 2873/6.*

This Easter—visit Lovely MADEIRA

Under four days' comfortable journey from England. Lovely scenery in a dust-free island where the sun shines all day long, where it's never cold and never too hot. All the year bathing. Casino and constant entertainments. Send card for brochure of the luxurious

REID'S HOTEL

Bedrooms provided with hot and cold running water. Four first-class Tennis Courts. Private sea bathing. Dancing indoors and out.

SPECIAL EASTER TOUR

Holiday cruise at specially reduced rates by Union-Castle Line. Send for details and other arrangements to the London Agents:

PARSONS & BIRKETT,
11-12, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3. Tel.: Royal 6127; or all offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., or any Tourist or Travel Agency.

BENGER'S Food

Nourishes and strengthens the Invalid.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS

for warmth and comfort. Woven from pure wool of the hardy little Cumberland sheep bred on the hills of the "John Peel" country. Hard wearing, weather resisting, for sports & country wear. Full suit length 35/9 or 10/6 per yd. 56 in. wide. Write for patterns,

Sole suppliers:
S. Redmayne & Sons, Ltd., No. 45, Wigton, Cumberland

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!
Increased my own height to 6' 3½" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. *(P.O. Box 15.)*

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning

THE BYSTANDER

when replying to their announcements

NOVIO TOILET PAPER

Rolls, Packets & Cartons —most economical. Sold everywhere.

THIN Soft Strong Silky

See the 'Lancet's' opinion, 27th July, 1907.

ALASSIO—ITALY

HOTEL VICTORIA,
On Beach—Homelike. Comfortable. Convenient.

HOTEL CONCORDIA-EUROPA
All modern comforts. Near British Club. Central. Sunny. Homely. Mod. Prices.

REMOVALS, STORAGE, SHIPPING
ESTIMATES FREE
HAMPTONS: PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1
DEPOSITORY: QUEEN'S ROAD, BATTERSEA, S.W.8
PHONES: MACAULAY 3434

It must be BOVRIL

-Mummy says so